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SUPERCHOICE FOR '66

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FREEDOM OF OPINION

HE WHO VOTES FOR LESSER OF 2 EVILS FORGETS THAT HE IS VOTING FOR EVIL

JOHN SIMMONS

Under the imposing title "Young Democrat Asnwers New Left" one Henry Waxman, President of the California Young Democrats, attempts to convince us to support Governor Brown by raising before our terrified eyes that spectre of Ronald Reagan. It can be taken as a given that Reagan is "utterly without redeeming social importance." However, this of itself is not a good reason to support Brown. One would hope he could stand on his own merits. As Waxman shows us, this is a very hard thing for the Governor to do.

If Waxman's argument sounds familiar and you think you have been through this before, I suggest you recall the Presidential election of 1964. Lyndon Johnson convinced us that Barry Goldwater was the Devil. Johnson, a "liberal," told us that Goldwater was irresponsible because Goldwater wanted to expand the war to the North. Johnson told us that Goldwater was dangerous because he believed we should bomb Hanoi. Johnson promised us that he would not send large numbers of American boys to fight a war in Asia. Obviously, we were all suckered. Democratic Party "liberals" convinced of the danger of the opposition, lined up behind LBJ. Waxman writes as if this never happened. With the correct amount of Righteous Indignation he gives us

> "The New Left has created for itself a set of New Villains to serve as the whipping boys for its frustrations. It's too obvious and therefore not respectable, to blame much of our present discontent on Birchites, Southern rednecks, or the old-fashioned conservatives. In their place, the New Left has adopted an extreme and often times unwarranted hostility toward "liberals" and a so-called Establishment."

I realize the danger of not being obvious, yet I feel it suicidal for Americans not to realize the War ON Vietnam is being waged by "liberals." A liberal President is sending 300,000 Americans to wage war on the legitimate aspirations of the Vietnamese people. A liberal congress is supporting him. The Establishment is responsible for our oppression. The country's foremost liberal, Hubert Humphrey, is solidly behind our "dirty little war" and hints that those who oppose it are not good American citizens.

Other American "liberals" like Governor Brown support it too. Waxman rises at this point to protest. He says, "It is too much to expect a candidate for governor to oppose the war in Vietnam. . ." Is it? I hope knowledgeable Free Pressers will correct me if I'm wrong, but I usually proceed under the assumption that Mark Hatfield is the Governor of Oregon.

He is opposed to the war and has said so many times. Further, I highly suspect he will win a Senate seat in November. Governor Brown does not maintain silence on this issue either. Simon Casady knows full well the extent of Governor Brown's commitment

(Continued on Page 3)

BROWN VS REAGAN

FAMILYMAN/HANDSOMEMAN? — THE SUPERCHOICE FOR '66

BOB MOSS

The opening guns of the '66 Los Angeles gubernatorial campaign were fired Monday night, August 29th.

The noise occurred in the auditorium of the Westside Jewish Community Center (only earshot from Canter's) on an occasion which found lieutenants from the respective political camps popping off at each other in a scheduled debate entitled, "Brown or Reagan — Reagan or Brown?" (and ad infinitum we suppose.)

If the collection is confined to Fairfax and surrounding territories, the governor need not campaign any more — he will be swooshed into office.

A sometimes unruly crowd of a couple hundred, for the most part sneered, jeered, tried to drown out, and in many cases walked out on handsome Ben Cooper's efforts to promote handsome Ronald Reagan. This virtually left the governor's man, Richard G. Tuck the winner by default.

Tuck has been, among other things, a former Quiz Kid (remember them?) but he didn't need nearly all those smarts Monday, since the cynical audience was occupied in large extent in blasting away at the image Cooper presented of Reagan. In fact, Cooper handled himself like the child prodige and at times seemed to be the only one in the room planning to vote for Reagan and his youthful appearance presented grave doubts whether he was even old enough, (until he revealed himself to be the father of two).

In a question and answer period that saw hands waving violently (all empty, thank goodness) he was asked questions ranging from Reagan's implied affiliation with the John Birch Society (3 times before I lost count) to one intense ladies passionate accusation that the candidate's philosophy smacked strongly of Mussolini. I am grateful to report that Hitler was not mentioned once.

Through it all, Cooper, who might have played a season or so with the Dodgers, deftly fielded flying questions, at the same time displaying a dazzling set of choppers and a crackling good humor, which unfortunately went largely unappreciated.

The program was neatly divided. Two fifteen minute speeches, a pair of five minute rebuttals, and a question and answer session which seemed like several hours but was in reality only an hour and a half.

The fun began when Cooper, who like his candidate has a background in radio and TV (to say nothing of a degree from Columbia), lauded the background of Mr. Reagan. He pointed out Ronnie's years of service to the Screen Actor's Guild.

Cooper also revealed that Reagan has been active on the board of directors of a hospital and an insurance company.

Next he breached the burning question of "has Brown delivered?" (he did not expand on this but presumably Cooper meant the bacon) and answered himself with a ringing "Nope."

He painted the governor as a bumbler who "means well in a nebishistic way" and who is "making promises 7 years too late." His indictment of Brown was aimed specifically at the governor's do-nothing approach to the situation at Berkeley, even though Brown is on the board of regents at that school.

Tuck, who was next to approach the plate, wasted no time pointing out the governor's virtues (he thought of several later on) but launched into an attack on Reagan.

The speaker, who was schooled in California (high school in Los Angeles, then UCSB) and who has worked for his party since '46 (Truman) which is several years longer than Cooper has been in the GOP lists, began his assault by allowing that "the Republican Party had made a poor choice

(Continued on Page 3)

General Hershey Bar may now be seen and heard anywhere in Los Angeles since he had decided that he has the right as a citizen to make undeclared speeches against the present undeclared war in Vietnam.

Above he is seen speaking at a recent No War Toys sand castle construction at Venice Beach. Other places he has donned his full-dress uniform, including plastic missiles and airplanes, are the cafeteria of the County Court House, museums, anti-war and pro-war rallies and the basement of the downtown police headquarters.

General Hershey Bar has been devoting many of his recent unscheduled and undeclared appearances to the subject of the assassination of God in Mississippi. According to the General, God was shot in the back in a phone booth. The local F.B.I. and other federal agents, he alleges, refused to come to the aid of God because "they said they did not interfere with States rights."

The General states that God, without aid, managed to crawl over the border into Alabama, where he was also refused help, this time by Governor Wallace, because in the dim light, "He sure looked like a Negro."

According to a press release received from the General, a "Warren Commission to investigate the assassination of God in Mississippi and Alabama" is now underway. As a defender of the United States Constitution, the General is planning to testify that the failure of government officials to enforce the constitution led to this tragedy.

General Hershey Bar's press secretary is Calypso Joe of Alhambra, California.

EIGHT ARRESTED AT DEPOT — DISTRIBUTING LEAFLETS

Eight persons were arrested Monday at the Los Angeles train terminal while they were handing out leaflets protesting court martial proceedings in Fort Dix, N.J., against three GI's who have refused to go to Vietnam.

The eight were part of a group organized by the UCLA Vietnam Day Committee and the Fifth of July Committee. They were charged with loitering and arrested without warning after being in the train station for about one-half hour.

Those arrested were Fred Hoffman, 32, Mike Slomich, 20, Del Lugo, 19, Clay Carson, 22, Jeff Schmidt, 20, Vic Dinnerstein, 20, Mike Yueff, 26, and Josh Gould, 21. All were released Monday night on $110 bail and ordered to appear for arraignment on Thursday.

While being detained at the city jail, all of the arrestees were subjected to verbal insults, and one, Mike Yueff, was assaulted by two guards after making a phone call.

The leafleting was held on the eve of the court martial of the three soldiers in New Jersey. Participants had hoped to give leaflets to servicemen returning to their bases on the evening trains.

RADIO FREE PRESS

The Free Press calendar is on the air! Highlights from our calendar page can be heard on the Joel Spivak show on KLAC each Thursday afternoon at approximately 2:45 pm. LISTEN!!

FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN, LEND ME YOUR EYES. I am taking the opportunity offered me by this unused space to point out to you the advantages that you may gain by the simple expedient of a SUBSCRIPTION to the Free Press. For one thing, no more will you have to venture forth to the newsstands in search of the paper. For another, now that the single copy price has gone up to 15¢, there is a real saving in the yearly subscription rate of $5. Can you think of any reason NOT to subscribe today?

LAWRENCE LIPTON'S

RADIO FREE AMERICA

MISTER DEATH FINGERS THE REAL CRIMINALS: George Todt (German for Death, which is some kind of poetic justice) remarked in his column in the L.A. Herald Examiner recently that Bertrand Russel and his "learned kooks" were letting the REAL war criminals off the hook when they announced they were going to hold a war crimes trial, in absentia, of the American war hawks, in Paris. The real criminals, according to Mister Death, are Mao, "the murderers of little Hungary," and "the Marxist international camp." If Mr. Death is to be believed, it is the Soviet Union that is poisoning mountains of butter and cheese with blue dye in order to keep prices up in the world market, and letting 125 million tons of bread grain rot in storage, enough for everybody in India for a year, for the same reason. It is only "the Marxist international camp" that is spending billions on military hardware that would be better spent on hospitals, schools, and the relief of hunger, and bombing out the Vietnamese villagers and searing them to death with flame throwers and napalm. It is Mao who is raining death and destruction on North Vietnam and the Vietcong in the south. It is Mao who is destroying food for the profits of a few Chinese millionaires, presumably, and letting 10,000 children die annually of starvation and malnutrition in South Africa. It is the Marxist dictators who have seized control of sixty percent of the world's resources and ringed the world with 3,300 military bases and great mobile fleets to protect and preserve their economic empire — that, presumably, is what is meant by Mr. Death when he speaks of Soviet imperialism. As for the finger Mr. Death is pointing at Bertrand Russell as the apologist for communism, let it be remembered here that it was Bertrand Russell who, before everybody else in the Western Democracies (you should excuse the expression my black brothers) who called attention — as far back as the 20's to thought control in the Soviet Union and the emergence of a communist oligarchy under the false slogan of "the dictatorship of the proletariat." He went there, he saw it, he denounced it publicly, this at a time when it was just as dangerous, in liberal circles, to denounce communist rule in Russia as it is today to extol it. The line of newspaper liars will form to the Right and face Mr. George Todt with the ancient salutation: "We who are about to lie salute you!"

GUT YONTIF, IT'S THE HIGH HALITOSIS DAYS AGAIN: The store front synagogues and the higher class Temple rackets that cash in on the sin-guilt of American Judaism — what's left of it — are at it again during these High Holy Days. In the orthodox synagogues they still sell absolution, more openly and shamelessly than any itinerant medieval Catholic soul-saver with his "pigges bones" and pieces of the true cross. In the middle class middle of the road synagogues they say they are fasting but they don't, on Yom Kippur, and in the status boulevard and suburban temples they do their fasting, like their moral behavior, "in spirit" — symbolically, so as not to spoil their holiday appetite nor their business as usual "ethics." Besides, fasting days are days of holy halitosis, as any good Jewish boy will tell you who ever let himself be dragged into shul (the German-Jewish fancy euphemism for it) on Yom Kippur day, to say nothing of B.O. in the days before Ban — is Ban kosher? Anyway, holiness in crowded synagogues, as in any crowded cathedral during a famous funeral, always stunk to high heaven. But maybe that was the intention, Heaven only knows. If God didn't vomit from the fumes of the dead goats, sheep, cattle and doves in the Temple in Jerusalem, whey should he object to halitosis and B.O. Or is that what He died of?

TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN: FEDERAL STYLE: The National Council on the Arts, under the leadership of Roger Stevens, has allocated its latest million dollars in "match gifts" to the performing arts, for the most part — which is exactly what Rogers Stevens said he would NOT do, because, as he said at the Government in the Arts panel discussion at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara about a year ago, the opera companies and the musical organizations and theaters already had millions from Foundations and private bequests. At Santa Barbara, Stevens was posing as the champion of the always neglected "creative arts." Well, anyone who takes Caesar's penny ends up by giving Caesar's millions away to all the wrong people. He's as good as his word, and in this case his word wasn't worth the breath to utter it. By now he's probably telling himself and anybody who still believes him that politics is the art of the possible and all that there horseshit. Politics is the art

(Continued on Page 6)

NIGHT TRAFFIC COURT

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY— IT'S A MATTER OF TIME, MONEY

Night Traffic Court in Los Angeles has proven to be an important addition to the proper administration of justice in this city.

More than a year ago, as Chairman of the City Council's State, County and Federal Affairs Committee, I was privileged to lead the fight for a Council recommendation in favor of a Night Traffic Court. The California State Legislature subsequently enacted a statute creating such a court. The citizens of our city have now had several months of experience with Night Court, with considerable satisfaction to all sides.

As a strong supporter of the concept of Night Court, I am pleased at the results thus far. This is a progress report on the major effects of Night Traffic Court.

First, let us discuss the basic operation of the court. Traffic citations now list the availability of night sessions every Thursday night starting at 6 p.m. at the court building at 833 South Wall Street. (It should be noted that if Thursday falls on a holiday, the night session is held the preceding Wednesday.)

Persons who work during the day, therefore, have the option of responding to citations Thursday night. To appear in the courtroom, a person must present himself to the clerk's window before 7 p.m. of that evening.

That the public is being better served and that justice is being better administered is indicated both by the number of people using the Night Court service and the proportion of the people pleading not guilty. Approximately one out of every five persons appearing in Night Court are pleading not guilty. This compares with one out of every ten in day sessions. These figures support the theory that many people plead guilty not because they thought they were but because they could not afford to lose the time required by a "not guilty" plea during daytime working hours.

By providing persons with this convenient opportunity, people are being treated more fairly and the judicial system is gaining public support as one which is just and fair to the people.

In the area of compulsory court appearances, Night Court is achieving its greatest success. During daytime sessions of Traffic Court, more than two persons dispose of their non-parking citations clerically by posting a pre-determined bail with the clerk as compared with half that number appearing personally before a judge. At the night sessions, the ratio is almost the opposite. Almost two persons appear before a judge for every one who disposes of his non-parking citations clerically.

Night Court has, therefore, made the courtroom itself available to most persons rather than simply its collection facilities. I pointed out last year when I called for the establishment of Night Court that it would help to reduce the hardships of persons charged with traffic violations. This it has apparently helped to do.

Now, many persons charged with violations who are regularly employed during the day need not lose a substantial portion of one or more days' pay. This pay loss, together with the traffic fine, need not be suffered by those taking advantage of the Night Court hours.

I, therefore, conclude this column with the report that the Night Traffic Court program is working well. Dire predictions that observers would pack the court at night or that the calendar would become overcrowded have not come to pass. The successful initiation of the Night Court concept in Los

(Continued on Page 3)

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VOTE FOR LESSER OF EVILS IS STILL A VOTE FOR EVIL

(from Page 1)

to Johnson's War. Brown would not tolerate dissent by people within his "liberal" party structure.

Are we to believe, Mr. Waxman, that Brown is hiding his true feelings on the subject in order to win the election? If we are to believe this, we must believe that Brown sees nothing wrong with sacrificing Vietnamese people on the altar of his political ambitions. I suppose nothing is immoral when we are combating an "evil" like Ronald Reagan.

Yes, Governor Brown has been a friend to higher education. Let us all think of the 800 students he befriended in Sproul Hall in 1964. They dared to assume that they had constitutional rights. Their attempts to exercise their rights and to organize to protect these rights led ultimately to a "liberal" University administration and a "liberal" Governor ordering these students' arrests.

Not only is it "easy to criticize Brown for his refusal to meet with NFWA on Easter Sunday," it is easy to criticize him for his positions on farm labor throughout his career. It can hardly be said that Brown led the fight to end the Bracero program. Rather, Brown supported the use of Braceros while domestic laborers remained unemployed. He ignored the Delano strike as long as he could, but ultimately it became a liability and he suddenly discovered it. He has yet to visit Delano. Public housing projects are not adequate responses to the dire needs of the farm laborer.

The farm worker might not need public housing if concerned Californians like Governor Brown would aid his fight for a decent living wage. Brown has not, and it has begun to appear as if he will not. (The NAACP is not a ghetto organization and those who look to it for an explanation of the ghetto are foolish. Too, usually the fact that a middle class organization like MAPA supports Governor Brown for re-election does not tell us anything about the feelings of the low income Mexican-American farm worker.)

Brown like Johnson before him is moving to the right in order to win the Yahoo vote. Waxman praises him for "his strong stand on the Rumford Act." His recent strong stand included the observation that "we must find ways to protect the right of the property owner to dispose of property in any way he sees fit."

It is possible to go on and on. The Governor has allowed some of his original gains to be destroyed in the last two years. Now, for instance, the unemployed must be out of work for a period of time before they can claim benefits. For the many who live day to day, it is hard to survive in the meantime.

Brown has done some good things, but he has slowed the pace in California when it has desperately needed quickening. Many of us who question him now were firm supporters of him in the past. I realize the danger of Ronald Reagan, and I do not intend to minimize it. But Governor Brown must offer me more than induced paranoia about his opposition. A phrase keeps running through my mind: "He who votes for the lesser of two evils all too soon forgets that he voted for evil."

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Pres. Ishmael MWeusi

SUPERCHOICE FOR '66

(from Page 1)

for their candidate." Like a verbal lab specimen, he held Reagan up to the audience comparing him to such recent California heros as Goodwin Knight, Earl Warren, George Murphy and Thomas Kuchel (I think he might have missed one).

In all cases Reagan ran a bad second.

Next, Tuck called Reagan a "paid propagandist for the American Medical Association (because he made speeches against Medicare) and also for General Electric."

Reagan's stance on the John Birch question was described as a two-positioned one, based on the fact that the candidate has never to anyone's knowledge repudiated the Birchers.

The governor on the other hand was described by Tuck as someone who has "worked all his life" (get the dig?) and whose services to the state are evidenced by his education and water programs.

Brown in Tuck's concluding statement was reported to be "a family man" whose constant concern is his grandchildren. In other words, "what will the state be like in the year 2,000" seemed to be bothering the governor. He did not say whether Brown planned to be in the big chair in Sacramento on that year working things out.

Although it had been originally planned to have the speakers engage in a nose to nose debate following their speeches (the first thing that went wrong eventually leading to chaos) Cooper asked for a rebuttal. After he had spoken, Tuck was afforded the same courtesy and the confrontation idea was permanently shelved as the audience began to take a more active form in the proceedings.

In his rebut, Cooper called the term "paid propagandist" a "terribly old phrase" (I never heard it before) and asked the audience if "a rabbi is a paid propagandist for God" (which went over big). As to the Birchers, Cooper said that Reagan "has repudiated Robert Welch but does not feel that he has the right to tell people what they should belong to." He also said that Brown had actively sought a CDC endorsement.

In his own rebuttal, Tuck hammered away mainly at his once offered accusation that Reagan was indeed a "paid propagandist of the AMA and G.E." and asked the audience in a voice tinged with horror, "what does this man really believe in?"

Reminiscent of the days of radio when someone said the magic words and something popped down from the ceiling, when Cooper offered his explanation of the JBS (that's the magic words) hecklers began to spring from the audience.

Cognizant that some spectators were already loudly making up their own topics, the droll little moderator ("this is a new role for me — I've never been in the amusement business") decided to turn the questions over to the audience, a project they had been working on for a time already. Actually very little fresh material came from this length exchange. About two-thirds of the questions were either cynical accusations of Reagan or God Bless You Mr. Tuck bits from that gentleman's rapidly growing fan club.

"How the hell," a gentleman solemnly inquired, pointing a finger at the cool Mr. Cooper (he didn't sweat once that I could see) "can someone as young as Reagan hope to be governor?" Cooper flipped back, "He's only 5 years younger than Pat" (who is 60).

In reply to an accusation that the candidate is anti-semitic, Cooper informed that Reagan had once belonged to a non-Jewish country club and had withdrawn in protest although he did not carry this protest to the verbal stage. The reason given here was the same given for Reagan's not repudiating the Birchers: in effect he does not believe in telling people what they should do.

Tuck, meanwhile, was called upon to answer relatively few questions.

In reply to the indictment (they weren't really questions) that Brown "sat on his hands" at Berkeley, he answered that the governor had called out 600 members of the Highway Patrol. He cited the formation of the McCone Commission in answer to what measures Brown had taken since the Watts Riots.

After the questioning had been concluded, to the contrasting spectacle of shouting voices, waving hands, and departing figures, this writer picked his way to the front to ask both candidates about their stands on capital punishment.

Cooper firmly stated that his candidate is "for it until it is proven unjust." Tuck on the other hand in answer to the question of "how does the governor stand on C.P. . . . . now" answered that "he is still opposed to it."

This basic contrast may point up the vast differences between the political philosophies of the two men. Certainly the voters in California will be offered a "choice" in November and this pertains to both parties. As a non-partisan political observer (at least in print) this writer can not endorse either man. However, in the vast amounts of charge and counter-charge which are so much a part of every election and which often cloud even the most poignant of political heads, the key to the candidates is often not what they say but what they left unsaid.

Hoping that I have kept a reliable scorecard consider:

The subject of the alleged "7 year's late promises" of Brown, charged by Cooper was left unanswered.

The subject of the alleged "7 years late promises" of Brown charged by Cooper was left undefined.

Another key to an election is the amount of confidence displayed in the candidate in private by his men.

"Take it easy," said the governor's man to Cooper, waving a breezy hand at him as they departed the auditorium.

"I'll have to," he replied, "I have a bumper sticker on my car."

Only 68 more chopping days 'till election.

GUILTY OR NOT— IN TRAFFIC COURT

(from Page 2)

Angeles is another example of our institutions responding to the will and needs of the people. This is a vital democratic principle.

The television series which I am co-hosting continues weekly every Monday mornining at 10 a.m. on KCOP, Channel 13. Called "Project People," it is a thirty-minute show designed to accentuate the positive aspects of human interest efforts and actions in the Los Angeles community.

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Peter Yates,

Sometimes, It's hard to be a critic.

Dear Mrs. Yates,

Sometimes, it's even harder to be a critic's wife.

Dear Art Kunkin,

You should never have your name on an article that refers to your readers as "shapeless blobs."

Dear Jeanne Morgan,

Two messages so far. One from Joseph Byrd: "We promise never to do PROCESS again and the next thing we do will be esthetically on a level that you can appreciate as art and say, 'after all, it's only art.'" From me: 1984 is forthcoming, what are YOU doing about it? Crying?

Process Thoughts Miscellany:

Joseph Byrd says 150 attended process, I said 200, Art Kunkin and Jeanne Morgan said 140. I decided to get at the truth, so I sent a question somewhere to John Cage and asked, "John, how many people actually attended Process?" He squeezed a freckle and replied, "496."

We're not putting anybody on except maybe as Andy Warhol's Nico said, "excepting maybe, ourselves."

Who of the veterans of Process can tell our erstwhile detractors the difference between a KKK meeting and Process? A John Birch meeting and Process? An Eichman and the creators of PROCESS? — Our hearts bleed with love and devotion for our fellow man, wherever he may be.

Who were the conformists, the majority who went through the entire Process or the four who righteously left it?

Sometimes the means do justify the ends and sometimes the ends do justify the means. The only difference for art is that it is hard to tell which is which, and I prefer that to any "pat" moralisms that one can remember.

$1.25 is cheaper than most movie theatres, all concerts, plays, horse-races, Destruction Derby, stock car races, football games, boxing, wrestling, church. Why not charge another $1.25 as a DEPROCESSING FEE for those who wanted to leave. At least, their dislike of Process can be more intense. They are able to fully enjoy their hatred as is appropriate for such an event.

To Peter (Don Quixote) Yates,

Why were your answers "noncommital" to the lovely black girl interviewer when she asked you if you would like to go to bed with her? John Cage is now 65 years old and I like him too. Again and further: Why did you feel that, "after the racist questioning, I could not be innocent." Also, you say, "When I'm sober and amused, I drop my inhibitions; that is to say that what another might do when drunk, I am more likely to do sober." I don't understand whether you felt sober and amused because of PROCESS or whether you frequently feel drunk.

Process was not intended to say anything specific or political.

To Jeanne again,

What is the difference between "this distasteful (PROCESS) environment and the joyous absurdity of the New York style Happenings?" I think that would have made a much more interesting critique of PROCESS.

In conclusion, I would like to add that PROCESS was in every sense of the word a GROUP creation and I personally resent Jeanne Morgan and Art Kunkin singling out Joseph Byrd for all the inverted glory for the affair. I practically punched Joseph Byrd in the nose, and just because of your picking on him and not mentioning any of the other creators of PROCESS, especially me. Do you want to cause personal strife in the ranks of the Experimental Arts Workshop? We remain together, punching each other's noses.

Michael Agnello

Dear Editor,

During the past year or so I have responded several times to Mike Agnello's requests for my support of his activities. Twice, at his asking, I have contributed articles to the FREE PRESS. When I did not agree with what Mike was doing, I have told him so; once before, I walked out. Last week, attending PROCESS on Mike's personal invitation, my wife and I again walked out. That evening I wrote my report of the event. Mike's story and mine both appeared in the FREE PRESS last week.

In Mike's report of my leaving he compliments my "HONEST response" but only after writing, "For the sake of decorum, I will say nothing about this man's response (even though I'm thinking) . . ." If he was indeed thinking, he might have given us the result.

Mike's attitude reminds me of a former CIO activist, who had risen rapidly in the civic service hierarchy. He came in one day furiously angry, because, as he said, "Some damn fool County employee has refused to sign a loyalty oath!"

Mike claims that PROCESS was a serious effort to create an environment like "jail." Breaking jail doesn't require "decorum." Do Mike and his collaborators think it funny that, in the New Left School, such conditions should be simulated, and only four of us be concerned enough to protest?

Go on, Mike man, think!

Peter Yates

Dear Editor:

I am delighted to see that Mr. Felix Cayo has gotten around to seeing my film "Blue Fascism." He is displeased. I am sorry.

On reading his critique I can't help but suspect that Mr. Cayo entertains a double standard when it comes to equal protection before the law.

Are we, Mr. Cayo, to have one law for Establishment Conformist and another for anyone who differs in his habits or his ways, lawful though they may be?

You indulge in verbal wrist-slapping and light "tut-tutting" at the evidence of police malpractice we managed to capture on film. Your implication seems to be that as long as it is directed against "them" such vehement protests are not quite "warranted."

(Continued on Page 5)

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Letters to the Editor

(from Page 4)

You suggest that the proper response should be the institution of Civil Court proceedings for false arrest, etc.

What a delightful world you live in Mr. Cayo! Such splendid order and affluence. One has only to reach into one's wallet and all is solved. "Here, let us bring 'Civil Action.' 'Your fee Sir?' 'Oh yes, will two or three hundred do for now?' "

I shall pass it on to the next unfortunate wretch I see jack-knifed against his '53 four-wheeler at 3 A.M.

Our liberties, Mr. Cayo, are only as secure as our neighbors'. The club that fells a just man is free to fell another. The lads in blue are here to protect us all, Mr. Cayo, not just those of proper coin and color.

Sincerely,
Albert Mitchell

Dear Editor,

Again the desire to express my appreciation to you, the Free Press "gang," and above all to Gordon Mustain.

For several years I have known, since the discovery of the Polynesian Ori-Ori Society, the sexual nature of warfare. Thanks to Gordon Mustain, and the story of "Ambush in the Vietnam Jungle," I know the "why" of this weird relationship. I understand now that physical death only symbolizes this, (highly gratifying), ego death that characterizes loving sex. As so often in other areas, in this too exists semantic confusion about the symbol.

As ever,
Friend Glen Bye
San Juan Capistrano

P.S. Make Love Not War!

(NOTE: Included with this letter from Mr. Bye was a small sign saying, "Only Bad Guys Support Bad Laws (re: Cool Head)"

Dear Editor

The alliance of the New Left and the Far Right against Governor Brown has a familiar ring to it.

A similar alliance of the Nazi and Communist Parties of Germany against the moderate Social Democrats paved the way for Hitler's takeover.

I fervently hope that their Southern California counterparts are unable to repeat the performance.

Sincerely,
Kurt Schumacher
Auschwitz Alumni Association

Dear Editor,

Boy, it sure must take alotta' balls to be a photographer!

I am writing this letter in protest of the ridiculous antics of the photographers at GUAMBO and now again at the Freak-Out.

I think it's terrific to have filmic memoirs of these fantastic events, but the photographers make themselves so obnoxious that their worth is inconceivable.

I will cite some specific examples: During the Mothers' performance, one photog (among many on stage) stuck his camera right in Frank Zappa's face while he was singing!

Another movie cameraman wearing a bulky shoulder harness pushed and shoved his way through the crowd — moments later he was seen lying on his back on the stage, trying for some strange angle.

Awhile earlier this same character had, with a single wave of his hand, ceased the brilliant illumination of the hall. "Like God!" said one girl. "I've got 4,000 watts up there," he said.

This strong illumination wipes out long efforts by crews of lighting specialists to obtain a special atmosphere! It also destroys the effects of the light shows.

In the future, I would propose the following solutions:

1. Limit the number of photographers to about two still, and one movie, cameramen. The prints made by these men could be put into a pool for use by all interested.

2. Limit the use of constant illumination to infra-red. Special filters or film could be used.

3. Declare certain areas such as the stage off limits to photographers (and also unauthorized dancers).

I think adoption of these suggestions would make future GUAMBO's and Freak-Outs more enjoyable and beneficial to both the performers and the participants.

Sincerely,
Mel Young, Jr.
Los Angeles

Dear Editor,

The imagination, personality and honesty of Liza Williams are a refreshing and comforting change from the smugness and/or confusion that seems to dominate so much of recent contemporary literature.

Although irritation with news publications is one of my more constant states, I must concede the good taste evidenced by the existence of her writing in the L.A. Free Press.

Sincerely,
M. Jay
Hollywood

Dear Editor,

I have just finished reading the article by Dave McReynolds in the August 12th edition of the Free Press concerning President Johnson and the war in Vietnam.

I feel compelled to write, to say something. Mr. McReynolds has stated his case so eloquently, so sanely. There's an unreality about the situation until you realize that you are part of the madness. It must be stopped and Mr. McReynolds has the most realistically honest approach I have heard of yet.

As Mr. McReynolds, I do not necessarily support the NFL in its warfare. I cannot support "them" just because "we" are morally wrong in being in Vietnam. I cannot condone any warfare. I am a pacifist, a humanist. I want this war to end. I urge all those who agree with Mr. McReynolds and believe that we must impeach the president, this "leader," who has lied to us time and again, to join together before this November and start a real movement back to rational thinking. Not with buttons or stickers that side step the issue. Let us impeach the destroyer(s) of our ethics.

Barbara Whitaker
Los Angeles

Dear Editor,

With all due respect for Mr. Wickes (letters to the editor, 5 August, Free Press) and all "freedom loving Christians," I feel I must point out that his attitude is EXACTLY analogous to that of the clergy in Galileo's time. Galileo had an instrument (the telescope) which enabled the user to see REALITY more clearly than ever before. But the clergy refused to see this new vision of the universe because it conflicted with their beliefs.

The present is little different than the past. LSD is another instrument for expanding our view of the universe, but again prejudiced beliefs are preventing people from using it to see more clearly. In fear they label it "the work of the devil" as mankind has done throughout history with things and ideas it can't understand — from Copernicus to Galileo to Darwin to Leary. (As a matter of fact was not Jesus crucified because his vision conflicted with the predominant religious views of his time??)

(Continued on Page 7)

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE — The above painting is now on display at The Art Emporium, 3207 West 6th St. (at Vermont), along with other works by twenty year old Beth Leigh-Taylor.

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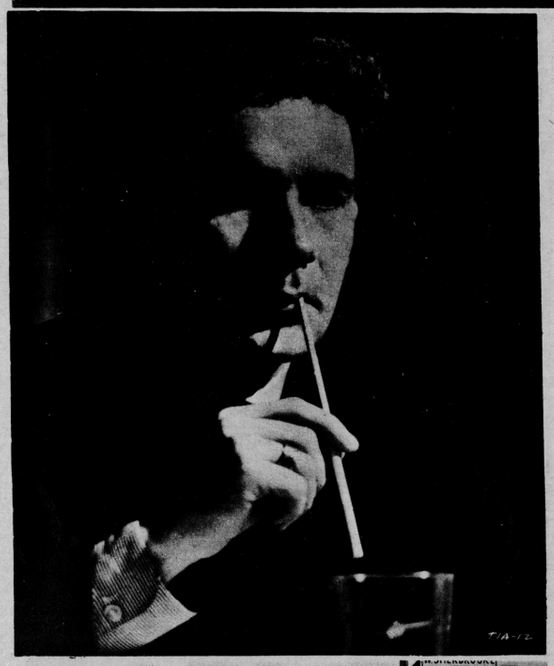
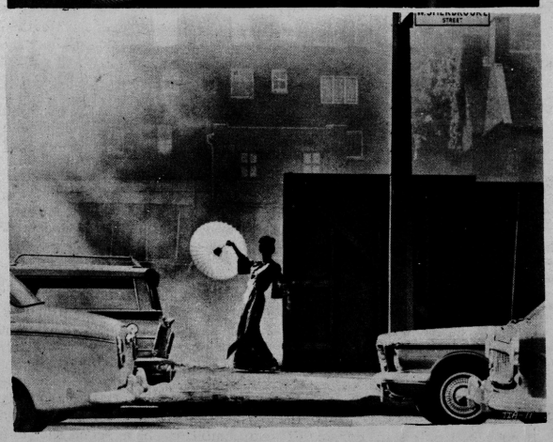




CLAUDE AND JOHANNE JUNTRA—In "Take It All" which is now playing at THE CINEMA. (See review on page 7).

USC STUDY SAYS

LSD SHOWS SLIGHT EFFECT ON UNMOTIVATED NORMALS

Does LSD, the controversial hallucinogenic drug, have significant lasting impact on an individual's personality?

Apparently not, among "unmotivated normals," according to a preliminary report on a continuing study by a University of Southern California psychological research associate, Dr. William McGlothlin, and his colleagues.

In a paper presented Monday at the American Psychological Association convention in New York, it was revealed that experimental group subjects who received LSD "tended to show small changes in the hypothesized direction, but they are quite minimal when compared with the effects reported by present day LSD enthusiasts."

The "small changes in the hypothesized direction" were a greater appreciation of music and art, and to some extent, various personality and attitude changes such as decreased defensiveness, a less materialistic viewpoint and greater introspection.

Dr. McGlothlin said the intensith of the LSD reaction is related to personality variables:

"As would be expected, persons who place strong emphasis on control generally have no taste for the experience and tend to respond minimally if exposed. Those who respond intensely tend to prefer a more unstructured, spontaneous, inward-turning (though not socially introverted) life."

Dr. McGlothlin, along with his wife, Dr. Marcella McGlothlin, co-principal investigator Dr. J P Guilford and Dr. Sidney Cohen, a physician, conducted the experiments in Los Angeles. They utilized an experimental group of 24 subjects and two control groups of 24 each. All subjects were male graduate students between the ages of 21 and 35.

The experimental group subjects were given 200 micrograms of LSD on each of three separate occasions. The subjects in one control group received 25 micrograms of the drug each time. Twenty milligrams of amphetamine (a euphoric drug which stimulates an abnormal feeling of buoyant vigor and health) were given the third group at each meeting.

Dr. McGlothlin's paper describes the experiment:

"The research sessions were held in a large, tastefully decorated room specially designed to enhance the drug experience. It contained couches, rugs, drapes, flowers, pictures, books, an aquarium and art objects. Music was played throughout most of the session.

"The drug was administered by a physician at 8 a.m., and the subjects were initially asked to lie on the couch and listen to the music. They were provided with sleep shades, though their use was not required. The same clinical psychologist was in attendance for all sessions.

".....The 200 microgram (experimental) group spent about 80 percent of the session day lying quietly on the couch.

"By comparison, the amphetamine and 25 microgram LSD groups both spent about 40 percent of the time lying quietly and the remainder talking or reading..."

All subjects in each group were given exhaustive batteries of psychological tests prior to the actual drug sessions, and twice afterwards — at periods of two weeks and six months. (SIC — Ed.)

THE HIGH COST OF EMERGENCY DYING; OR, THE $ 1,000 MISUNDERSTANDING

H.E. RICHARDSON, JR., M.D.

In my last article (Sept. 2, 1966) I told the story of the unfortunate young lady who was shot through the aorta and died. From the time she was brought in to the time she died amounted to two hours and 50 minutes. Her bill was $867 to the nearest dollar.

Room	$ 58
Pharmacy	$189
Misc. Chg. D	$227
Misc. Chg. E	$ 67
Laboratory	$115
Operating Room	$100
X-ray	$ 65
Medical gas	$ 20
M&S supply	$ 25

The column totals $866. I left out the odd pennies which were on most of the items. As you can see the bill as presented doesn't shed a hell of a lot of light on what the patient received for her money. The explanation of charges on the back of the bill clears up a couple of questions, for instance Charge D is for the supply of blood used in transfusion, Charge E is the Red Cross blood service fee.

The item designated "Room" turned out to be, on discreet inquiry, the rate for 24 hours in the Intensive Care Unit. As best I can figure out, the patient might have gotten a glimpse of the ICU as she was taken from the emergency room to the operating room, but unfortunately she was unsconscious at the time. She was taken directly from the operating room to the morgue.

The pharmacy bill is very interesting. $189. When I asked the hospital pharmacist what the various charges were, I was pointedly told it was none of my business. I wasn't able to track down all of the items from other sources, but the ones I have I give you.

Patient Cost	
5 units dextran	$70
600 mg solucortef	$41
2,500 cc IV solution	$17
Total	$128

Hospital Cost	
5 units dextran	$27.50
600 mg solucortef	$24.00
2,500 cc IV solution	$ 3.20
Total	$54.70

The prices I have quoted for hospital costs are based on small lot wholesale cost; a good purchasing agent can knock 30% off that.

The laboratory and blood bill I will handle as a unit. The cost of a pint of blood is $25. The patient received seven, eight were processed. Each pint processed cost the patient $15. Of course, the Red Cross, which supplies the blood, is a non-profit organization and is run on voluntary subscriptions and donations. The Red Cross charges a service fee, in this case $67, call it $8 a pint. Total cost to the patient $409.

The operating room cost $100, this pays two nurses for three hours work at $10 per nurse.

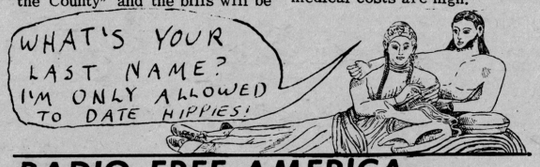
The charge of $65 for X-rays really intrigued me. I had been with the patient the three hours she miraculously lived and the last thing she needed was an X-ray. None had been ordered while she was alive and I thought that some strange forensic medical consideration made it necessary to later take them of the corpse. I scoured the X-ray dept. No X-rays. No record of such X-rays. The business office couldn't find a charge slip for the X-rays. Finally, a posting clerk admitted mistakingly posting someone else's X-ray bill to the statement. Graciously, this charge was deleted. I wonder what would have happened if I, an outsider, hadn't caught the error.

And this is not the whole sordid story. The doctors frees have not been considered. Anesthetists come at about $60 an hour, Surgeons about $100, and Assistant Surgeons at $25. Two hours of their selfless ministrations come to $370, and if my experience serves me, this estimate is on the low side. The final bill for the unfortunate debacle will be in excess of $1,170.

All told this was awful expensive humanitarian assistance in time of crisis, especially when it took less than three hours to run the bill up and the patient didn't live to appreciate the effort. Probably what bugs me as much as anything is that my cut of this piece of pie was $20.

A little note to the taxpayers. The patient in question was "on the County" and the bills will be paid out of public money. Not that I mind helping to foot the bills for the indigent, on the contrary. Common decency dictates public care of the needy, but this whole thing was absurd.

President Johnson was wondering why medical costs are going up. That is a tough question to answer. However, I think the above will give him an Idea why medical costs are high.



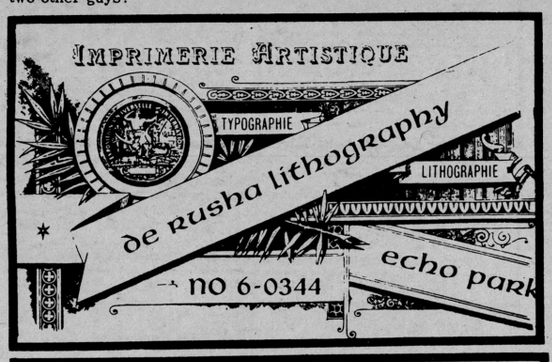
RADIO FREE AMERICA

(From Page 2)

of PREVENTING the possible from happening, in the arts as in everything else. The chief beneficiaries of NCA, so far, have been the same hot little hands that are always Johnnie on the spot for handouts from the Foundations and state arts councils—opera and symphony outfits, educational television, theatre for the suburbs, which run a dead heat between Shakespeare and "Charlie's Aunt," and the rest of the Kulchur Vulchurs. The patrons and angels of the creative arts continue to be the artists themselves and their working wives and shack-up chicks. Of two million dollars in NCA a few crumbs have been tossed to a few novelists and poets and — get this one — $25,000 to the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study to assist women in the field of creative writing, (picture the groovy stuff that will come out of THAT scene), and $33,000 to the American Academy of Poets for poetry readings (like putting on "The Beard" for the kiddies in the sixth grade?). I would call the whole thing a pork barrel except that it's more like a piggy bank.

END OF THE GREAT EXPERIMENT AT UCLA: In the L.A. Sunday Times of September 4, Cecil Smith hands out kudos to the passing of Dr. Abbott Kaplan's Theater Group, which is now being taken over en toto by L.A.'s commissar of culture "Buffie" Chandler for her Center Theater Group. RFA offers its own parting words: where else would such promising young talents and experimental works of art as Anton Chekhov, G.B. Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, Ionesco, Brecht, O'Casey, Ibsen, Strindberg, Yeats, Shakespeare and such utterly neglected talents as Pinter, Becket and John Hersey have obtained a hearing if it hadn't been for the genius, courage, and foresight of Dr. Abbott Kaplan and the Theater Group of UCLA? Appropriately, the final production of the Theatre Group is "Poor Bitos," which opened in Paris in 1955, has been seen in London and New York, and is the work of an experimental young playwright by the name of Jean Anouilh Now the Noble Experiment moves over to occupy the (not yet completed) theater of Buffie's Music Center of the Performing Arts and the dignity of white tie and decollete grand openings and the society pages of the L.A. Times. Onward and upward with the arts!

AND, SPEAKING OF THE ARTS— The San Francisco International Film Festival opening on October 20 will present its first Golden Gate Retrospective Award "for contributions by an individual to the overall excellence of the cinematic art" to Jack L. Warner, president of Warner Brothers Pictures, who (to add our own tribute) opened new frontiers in the dissemination of avant-garde filmic ideas by founding the Movies 'Round Midnight at the Cinema — or was that two other guys?



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Letters to the Editor

(from Page 5)

For one as concerned with resisting temptation as Mr. Wickes appears to be, I would suggest that temptation to resist is that of repeating the mistakes of history.

I too hope the "golden age" is near. But if it is to be so, LSD is NOT an impediment to its arrival; on the contrary, it may well be the vehicle in which it is arriving.

Sincerely,
Wayne Stevens
Los Angeles

Dear Editor,

I have just finished reading the August 26th issue of the Free Press, and am very disturbed by Jerry Hopkins' comments in his "Making It" column. I am referring specifically to his notions of "in places." Unfortunately for Mr. Hopkins he is not the least bit soulful, or I might add, very hip. I take it for granted Mr. Hopkins says that he digs jazz. I am quite sure that anyone who really gets into it cannot possibly dig the puke passed off as music, which emerges from the "Whisky." The only exception being when Otis Redding appeared there and sand his ass off, and who of the so-called hippies even dug him?

It's quite unfortunate that most people who get loaded take it for granted that any musician, correction, anyone who calls himself a musician, who himself turns on, can pass off garbage as psychedelic music emerging from his soul. Such as the Byrds, Doors, Mothers of Invention, Mamas & Papas, Rolling Stones, Turtles? et cetera.

Motown groups do make it. They are basically soulful and funky. Poeple identify with music to the extent of their soulfullness and baby if that's as far as you can identify then you and I know YOU aren't where it's at.

It's really too bad that more heads aren't musically inclined in as far as listening and appreciating goes. It's also too bad that so many hip? people were told to dig jazz and like recorded announcements repeat, "Yes, I dig jazz." Anyone that really feels it down to the nitty gritty has to be soulful because where else is there to go except to its groovy foundation which is calssical music.

Yes, Joel Christie and the Sounds who appear at the Galaxy every night EXCEPT Monday night, DO MAKE IT. And on Monday nights it DOESN'T MAKE IT.

Now stop and think. Are you really hip Jerry Hopkins ??????

Truthfully,
Maggie Thrett
Los Angeles

(Continued on Page 8)

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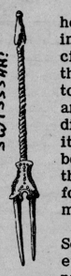

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SHELLEY BURTON VIEWS FILM

A TOUT PRENDRE and BEFORE THE REVOLUTION — now playing at the CINEMA THEATRE, Hollywood

CLAUDE JUNTRA, a young Canadian filmmaker, creates a starkly dramatic and wildly funny filmatic exploration into his personal and surrounding existence, starring himself and his wife Johanne. A TOUT PRENDRE, by its style and contents, is an absorbing film, for JUNTRA has cinematically layed himself bare and accomplishes that rare task of human nobility — an honestly clear self-examination. Working with a limited budget, recording his sound track live, as opposed to the convenience of dubbing and avoiding artificial lighting, the director explores what is obviously his biographical experiences with reality.

It would be very easy to compare A TOUT PRENDRE to Fellini's "8-1/2" or his earlier personalized film statements, but they are comparable only because of their constituting a filmatic experience. There are a number of film directors whose works theoretically deal with oppressively private and personal experiences. The prolific and sincere Jean-Luc Godard has starred his wife in an unreasonably numerous amount of productions. A number of his films have dealt with journalism (as he was a journalist before a filmmaker) and film directors, or with ineffectual obviousness, Godard's favorite literature, but with the exception of A MARRIED WOMAN and ALPHAVILLE, most of his films are limited to a film librarian's coy humor, a romantic's indulgent sense of awkward melodrama and only a surface examination of the director's fears and near fanatical morality.

At the other end of the spectrum are the graceful craftsmanship and penetrating dramatic ponderings of Ingmar Bergman. Bergman's father was a church pastor, and one of his wives was a ballerina. Most of the director's work concerns itself with religious philosophy and in his earlier work most of his heroines were dancers. Prolific but more graceful and subtly dramatic than Godard, his films are staged drama, not cinematic realism. THE NAKED NIGHT, SEVENTH SEAL, and THE SILENCE are exceptions, but for the most part you are not drawn to them as a film experience. They are stark and effective. The film becomes a part of you, you don't become part of the film.

A TOUT PRENDRE's premise is simple and functional. In the opening scene we see the author in his apartment dressing to go to a party, outwardly gabbing with his roommate, introspectively clowning but truly clowning with himself. His offstage sonics and self-satirizing give a concave juxtaposition to the screen's happening which allows for a personalized filmatic reality. Arriving at the party he finds Johanne, a Negro model. The film thereafter deals with their relationship and surrounding involvement.

Johanne Juntra's nose is slightly too large — her mouth might be considered as having excessive character — she has a slight raison d'etre with scrawniness, and is one of the most beautiful, graceful and appealing females I have seen in all too long a time. She, like her husband, has the capacity to laugh at herself and enjoy it, to examine her pain without whining. She can mug outrageously and dance with sensual grace. Her personality is alive and spontaneous and not limited to personality-ego ambition. In a scene shot in a theatre at one of the film festivals, she is sitting with the French director Francois Truffaut, who performs a bit of funny trickery with a lit cigarette and her reaction makes a giggle into an act of human splendor.

Her husband's convincementship as the protagonist is inherent in his simple and brilliant directorial filming: in a scene after he has momentarily abandoned Johanne during her pregnancy he is followed to a small restaurant by one of her former beaus. The man taunts, shoves and loudly ridicules JUNTRA, and the guilt-ridden non-hero reacts with a rational but awkward non-violence, enduring that great human conflagration — social embarassment. The director deals with females, homosexuality, the illusions of art, the reality of pregnancy, and a multitude of social harmonies and disharmonies. His style is innate, his attitude poetic and his film important.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

BERTALUCCI's intensely idealistic, but alas sporadically sophmoric examination of a young aristocratic Italian idealist's sojourn with the Communist Party. While his work is endowed with sincerity and an appealing innocence, the director appears handicapped by his tendency to punctuate the motion picture art form with polemics; wordy conversations with the hero's left-wing patron which create an ineffectual, if not naively dramatic, construction. Overly emphasized speeches made by the hero to the audience are as subtle and effective as a gigolo with chapped lips. But when he falls back on his intuitive awareness and articulates his compassion with simplicity rather than with style, the director creates scenes of stirring human contact. The protagonist, who is having a romantic affair with his cousin, asks her to dance to radio music while after dinner sleep befalls the elderly arm-chaired relatives, and we see a delightful example of subdued, if not secret, passion. A final series of scenes at a large opera house are for the most part devoid of verbiage and yet flash with that flickering and fading fire of decaying and dying aristocracy.

BERTALUCCI was 24 when he directed this, his first full length feature film. However, this fact enters into my highly critical viewpoint of this movie no more than it would alter my unqualified praise for Jean Vigo's first film, ZERO FOR CONDUCT, or Truffaut's first feature film, THE 400 BLOWS.

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Letters to the Editor

(from Page 7)

Dear Editor,

The situation in the Senate regarding the minimum wage bill (H.R. 13712) is critical. The bill has been emasculated to the point where our support for it must be withdrawn unless improvements are made from the floor where the bill comes to a vote. Unless protests are made now, before August 24 or 25, farm workers may find themselves covered by a bill which provides them with 75 cents an hour, or thirty dollars a week.

As the minimum wage bill stands now, after review by the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, farm workers are guaranteed 75 cents an hour, with the stipulation that employers adjust wage scales to provide a $1.00 AVERAGE hourly wage among its workers. This means, of course, that many workers will earn only 75 cents an hour.

Assessing 40 hours of hard manual labor at thirty dollars a week in 1966 is bad enough. To ask a man to support a wife and child on it is an insult to his right to live with dignity.

Even if you have already sent letters to your Senators, please do so again or send a wire. (A personal opinion message sent by Western Union costs only 85 cents for 15 words.) If you live in Texas or Oregon, please make a special effort to get as many people as possible to contact Senators Ralph Yarborough and Wayne Morse, who played key roles in weakening the bill.

We urge you to protest the existing bill with regard to the unconscionably low minimum; the exclusion of children and those commuting from permanent homes who work less than 13 weeks a year in agriculture; and the dropping of an amendment which would regulate the hours and conditions of children working in agriculture.

Please call for support of the modest proposals of the original bill as passed by the House. We must flood the Senate with letters of protest if we want farm workers to live and work in dignity.

Sincerely,
Linda W. Lewis
Asst. Executive Secretary
Nat'l Advisory Committee on Farm Labor

—JERRY HOPKINS

Making It

OR, DEAR JERRY

It goes against what I believe to take much of the world very seriously, but... because so many FREE PRESS readers took my "Dear Jerry" column seriously, I guess I have to do the same.

As will become apparent, most of my correspondents are up tight about two things — sex and marijuana, with a few conscientious objectors added for leavening. (Is this what the FREE PRESS is all about — sex and pot and anti-war?) A representative sampling follows:

DEAR JERRY: I'm one of a growing minority who has certain sensual interests not generally approved of by the law or general populace — and, I'm a professional person where "character" is made a thing of. My interests have gradually enabled certain persons and publications (usually well-intentioned) to obtain my name and address. Would you comment on what risk I may be running?

CONCERNED, Los Angeles

DEAR CONCERNED: Chances are you never will experience any trouble, but you ARE running a risk. The Post Office Department has a "pervert and sexual malefactor" list, available to most "authorized agencies" for security checks, etc. This list is compiled, in part, from information obtained in investigating publishers and manufacturers of so-called obscene or pornographic materials. While I don't want to alarm you unnecessarily, I suggest you pursue your interests along an inter-personal channel. Forget the mails, please.

DEAR JERRY: I found out, about a year ago, what good things "pot" do to my head. Also, how completely (relatively) harmless it is; all it does is GOOD things. Anyway, at this point I have a beautiful crop growing in the mountains and don't know what to do with it. I have heard a million different ways to cure it, but what is the best way to do this and retain the most potency? Please answer before it is too late.

THE PHANTOM, Canoga Park

DEAR PHANTOM: Get 10 heads in a room and you'll get 10 different ways to cure the stuff — from soaking it in brandy or after shave lotion to burying it in the ground for three and a half weeks. I suggest only that you try the conventional method of hanging it upside down in a dry place (inside or outside) until it has lost its shape and much of the moisture is gone. Then put it in a warm oven on a cookie sheet until it is almost dry. Now you are ready for manicuring.

DEAR JERRY: My girl is pregnant. Friends have given me a name in Tijuana but the prices they quote are a year old. What is the going rate today? I want to know how much money to take. And will they take a check?

JOHNNY A., Hollywood

DEAR JOHNNY: The going rate in Tijuana is about $350. Figure on spending more than this, however; a post-operation check-up with a local doctor is a must. Better yet, there are good physicians here in town who utilize a method of inducing false labor, as opposed to scraping the walls of the womb. Contacts are harder to make locally, but the "going rate" is only $150. No matter where, or how, the operation is performed, no one accepts a personal check. Take cash.

DEAR JERRY: Do I have to be a member of a church to register as a conscientious objector?

ELIGIBLE, Hollywood

DEAR ELIGIBLE: Church membership is not required for recognition as a C.O.; but you will be asked whether or not you believe in a Supreme Being. It is important that this question be answered fully and properly. Just how this is done is outlined in detail in the Handbook for Conscientious Objectors, available for 50 cents from the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DEAR JERRY: I think my boyfriend has been fooling around behind my back. What should I do?

WORRIED, Los Angeles

DEAR WORRIED: Turn around.

DEAR JERRY: Re: Your advice to BAD COOK, August 26th. Menu should be revised. For best results, Marijuana Brownies should be eaten BEFORE meal!

BETTY CROCKER,
Los Angeles

Troubled? Write Dear Jerry, c/o FREE PRESS, 5903 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. Information will be kept in strict confidence.

Dear Mr. R. Cobb,

Today we had intended to make some constructive use of our day: a trip to Knott's Berry Farm to see the phony picture of JC with the phony script, then to Disneyland to see the plastic flowers on the lovely Old Worlds Flowers Marte, and then to double back to Forest Lawn to see the phony Crucifixion scene, with the phony unctuous script thereto, instead we saw your charming little TV Tyke waiting for his TV dinner and laughed all morning instead.

You have simply ruined our constructive day!

And thanks,
Jerry Schimd
Los Angeles

Dear Editor,

Watts Festival — a fine day for liberal snobs.

Gordon J. Hazlitt...

What is sad about the Watts Princesses having straightened hair?

Must they be so proud of their heritage that they will forever remain kinky haired in this age of smooth haired cover girls?

How many Jewish friends do you have that have had their noses done? It only makes them 1/4 inch less a Jew.

The answer to an end of prejudice is acceptance — from both sides.

England is in this year — maybe next year Africa will be in and you can weep over some "Betty Coed" type with home make kinks, and Georgia Peach will weep with you.

Lisa Uline
Los Angeles

Dear Editor

I was out taking a walk on Wilshire Blvd. several blocks from my home on Tuesday night at 9:00, when I was stopped by two police officers. I am 17 years old, this was a very quiet neighborhood, and it was an hour before curfew. I was questioned as to what I was doing and searched. Then the officers asked me to direct my eyes in various places as they simultaneously flahsed bright flashlights into my eyes. They then decided that I was "under the influence of something" and they searched my wallet, my kazoo, my glasscase, and all of my pockets before I was allowed to continue my evening walk.

I have seen the documentary "Blue Fascism" and I am aware of people being handcuffed and dragged into a police car for asking an officer's badge number. I have spoken to many people who have been arrested for "loitering" on the strip or on Hollywood Blvd. This was not the first time that I've had such an experience, and I have never been anything but friendly and courteous to our city's "protectors."

I would be naive to consider what I've experienced "brutality," but many incidents, such as those seen in "Blue Fascism" are brutality. Brutality and the unnecessary harassment that I've experienced must be stopped. It is unfortunate when a person feels he has to be afraid of the police rather than to trust them to protect him. Perhaps we should use stronger means to let the police know how we feel about their attitudes and actions toward innocent people.

SUZY CREAMCHEESE WAS SEEN ♥ AT CANTER'S WITH LONG LOX

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IAN WHITCOMB—At the Troubadour September 6-18. The young showman is noted for his songs: "You Turn Me On" and "Nervous".

I read recently of another place where people were interrogated for walking down the streets. That was in Nazi Germany, where the loss of rights was also a gradual occurrence.

Sincerely,
Michael Roth
Los Angeles

Dear Editor,

Re Mr. Waxman's criticism of the New Left in your 8/12 F.P.: He referred to Gov. Brown's actions as political expediency. I have a better word for it: I call it political transvestitism. And the only way to cure a transvestite is to show him real tits instead of just falsies.

I felt terrible about the humiliation of Simon Casady. So, Mr. Brown, you can expect me to vote for Reagan to show you that you cannot get away with such tactics. In the political chess game, you too can be sacrificed.

With Reagan in office, watch the Birchers complain about the Ronald Reagan "liberal establishment!" Why shuldn't Mr. Reagan be more liberal? He doesn't want to antagonize anyone to be sympathetic toward us nasty New Leftists who stick by issues!

Mr. Brown, if you think we have no choice but to vote for you, you're wrong! You might write this in your little book of proverbs: The key to political integrity is the agreement to disagree.

Yours for a third party,
Ernie Berg
West Los Angeles

Dear Editor,

Lenny Bruce is dead! And in true tradition, "life," goes on. "The show must go on, etc." Really?

Why couldn't a newspaper such as yours, have Lenny's death in big black headlines. With 16 empty, blank pages, advising its readers to spend the rest of the day or night mourning the loss — the loss of a great human being — persecuted by this inhuman society of ours.

Let us forget the Walter Cronkites, the small efforts at "tribute" — let us grieve for this one great man.

Thank you,
Sue Few
Beverly Hills

trivia

What the hell's trivia? IF it's free send it

L. Ferguson
Redondo Beach

Dear Editor,

Send us your rebels.

More than ever, on the northern half of the continent, Canada exists as the alternative to the U.S. melting pot.

As Madelyn Murry might say, McCarthyism is no longer an issue in the United States because it has triumphed completely.

Your abortive Great Society should drive rebels to move to this other North American nation to help make Canada: The New Society.

Yours sincerely,
G.K. Johnson
Ottawa, Canada

Dear Editor,

There is some irony in the fact that the Los Angeles Times, which is frequently attacked by the Free Press and some of its writers, including Lawrence Lipton, should spend money supporting the Free Press.

Yet this is what it did when the New American Library advertised the book LSD in the Free Press, August 12 and other dates. New American Library is wholly owned by the Times Mirror Co.

On the other hand, perhaps the Times and the New American Library are not so dumb. It is probably among Free Press readers where a book on LSD would have a large sale.

Observer

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FREAK OUT!

RED HOT POOP! INSIDE

47 CENTS

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the official News of THE MOTHERS of Invention

POPULAR RECORDS: PASS ASPIRIN, PLEASE

BY PETE JOHNSON

Los Angeles Times
CALENDAR, SUNDAY, AUGUST 7, 1966

● The Mothers of Invention, a talented but warped quintet, have fathered an album poetically titled "Freak Out" (Verve V-5005-2) which could be the greatest stimulus to the aspirin industry since the income tax.

The two record set, which is selling for the price of one LP as an attraction to teen - agers, contains some potent satire but the group often meanders into excesses of abstraction, blunting their numbers to pointlessness.

"Freaking out" is defined, loosely, as free expression inspired by casting off outmoded and restrictive standards of thinking, dress and etiquette.

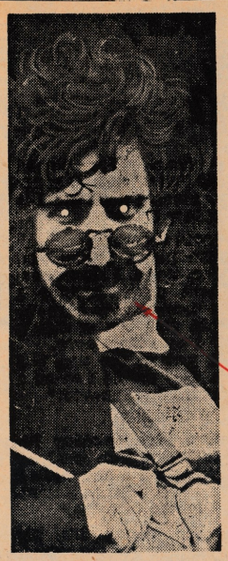
Sources of inspiration for the vocalists, listed at length inside the album jacket, include Salvador Dali, Brian Epstein, Jules Feiffer, James Joyce, Sacco and Vanzetti, J. Arthur Rank, Elvis Presley and sundry other miscellaneous wellsprings.

Among the 14 recorded selections are "Hungry Freaks, Daddy," "Wowie Zowie," "You're Probably Wondering Why I'm Here," "Help, I'm a Rock" and "The Return of the Son of Monster Magnet," a 12 minute 17 second "unfinished ballet in two tableaux."

All the songs are derivative of rock 'n' roll and one, "Go Cry on Somebody Else's Shoulder," is a perfect satire of the archetypal woebegone teen - age rhythm and blues ballad. The gibbering falsetto and bass accompaniments set an ideal background for inane lyrics about a boy giving his love his high school ring at the root beer stand, having his car reupholstered and his khakis pressed but still being deserted by the girl.

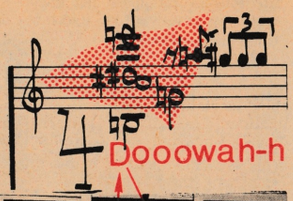
A free-form nightmare built from mechanical imagery, "Who Are the Brain Police?" has the strangest instrumental break ever recorded — unidentifiable noises superimposed on top of each other including voices babbling indistinguishably, a bass electric guitar being tortured to death and what sounds like a factory steam whistle chorus.

There are a few tunes which sound as if they might be semi - serious rock 'n' roll, "I Ain't Got No Heart" and "How Could I Be Such a Fool?," for instance, but most of the tunes are very experimental and are hard on the eardrums and the patience.



TALENTED

YAY! Mothers



On the Town

The *Mothers* And Lenny Bruce

Ralph J. Gleason

★ ★ ★

LENNY BRUCE DREW capacity crowds to the Fillmore Auditorium for his show Friday and Saturday. It was something of a tribute to him since the hall is not really the best site for his performances. He could not work effectively with the noisy rock dancers waiting for the music and his own fans were uncomfortable from the heat and the chairs.

The Mothers, the rock band which followed Bruce, and played for dancing, are Hollywood hippies full of contrivance, tricks and packaging; a kind of Sunset Boulevard version of The Fugs. They are really indoor Muscle Beach habitues whose idea of a hip lyric is to mention "LSD" or "pot" three times in eight bars.

Top Tunes

By
RONNIE OBERMAN
Star Special Writer

"Freaking out" moved a bit closer to the East Coast earlier this week when the chief proponents of the movement swooped down on Washington.

The Mothers of Invention, a West Coast group with a liking for the unusual both in music and dress, visited the Kerby Scott dance party on WDCA-TV, where they engaged in a "happening," and then paid a surprise visit to Georgetown's Roundtable nightclub.

"Freaking out on a personal level is an individual expressing himself as creatively as possible within his environmental framework," explains the group's spokesman and writer, Frank Zappa. "Out stuff is what I'd like to describe as free music. It takes elements from different sources."

"Freak Out" is the title of the group's initial album on Verve Records, and it's on the way to becoming one of the most controversial LPs of the year. It's a double-album package (selling for the price of one) and features some of the wildest rock-and-roll ever.

Frank says they preferred releasing an album before a single so that listeners could hear what a wide range of sounds they can come up with. One of the album's cuts, "How Could I Be Such a Fool?", will probably be their first single.

Baltimore-born Frank (he's the one with scraggly black hair, beard and mustache) joined the group about nine months ago when the other members, Ray Collins, Jim Black, Roy Estrada and Elliott Ingber, put out a call for a guitarist.

Frank, who has lived on the West Coast most of his 25 years, is somewhat of an expert on the happenings on Sunset Strip, where all the youths who want to be "in" are gathering these days.

He puts those who hang out there into several classifications, including "teenieboppers" or "bubblegummers," young people who are getting out for the first time; "freaks" (his group is included in this category), those 16 to 20 years old who are in the "mainstream" of activities there, and "swingers," the "ones who still get their hair done with a razor cut, and wear patent leather shoes and sport coats at night."

In the over-20 age group, he adds, there are a number of hippies, or freaks. The freaks are known for their wild tastes in clothes and long hair.

Frank is against the "rigid, stereotyped" dances such as the swim, frug and monkey, and "I hate records that tell how to do such and such."

"The way kids dance in LA is very advanced socially," he says. "It's completely improvised."

One of the most serious problems among youngsters on the Coast is drugs, he says. "I don't use any and I've never encouraged it." "Anyone who takes acid (LSD) is taking his mind in his own hands.

"The same state of psychedelic happiness can be induced through dancing, listening to music, holding your breath and spinning around, and any number of the old, easy to perform and 100 percent legal means—all of which I endorse."

Frank believes that much of what the group is trying to put across on records is explained in the following lyrics from one of their songs, "Who Are the Brain Police?":

"What will you do if we let you go home,
And the plastic's all melted and so is the chrome?
Who are the brain police?
What will you do when the label comes off and the plastic's all melted and the chrome is soft (insert instrumental interlude)?
What will you do if the people you knew were the plastic that melted, and the chromium too?
Who are the brain police?"

"We, The Mothers, promise to assist whatever public we come in contact with, in a swift and orderly return to realistic values."

Those are the words of Frank Zappa, lead Mother.

"We consider most people of today, "Plastics." They have no respect for the finer things in life, no concern for mankind. This is more than the usual complaint of lack of humanism. These people have no soul."

The Mothers consider themselves a group of singing social workers exercising free speech through music. They have found that through music they can speak more freely to reach more people.

"We consider ourselves therapeutic workers massaging the brains of people dancing to our music with the lyrics to our songs. We sing songs with feeling like they were done in the late Fifties in El Monte Legion Stadium, not the commercial noise that is being put out today," said Frank.

Some examples of lyrics from the Mothers songs are: "Take your little white plastic boots and melt them down and send them back to the shoe store...Take your little white plastic hat and crumple it up and send it back to the hat store..."

"We get so tired of playing for these phony people in blue Velour sweatshirts and Poor Boy sweaters. They are trying so hard to be cool and think they are so in. And of course they go to the Go Go Clubs to be discovered," said Frank.

The other Mothers are Cherokee Jim Black, drums; Roy Estrada, bass; Ray Collins, harmonica-singer; Henry Vestine, guitar.

A description of today's world through the eyes of the Mothers can be found in the last verse of their song "Watts Riot."

"We got to sit around at home
and watch this thing begin...
But I'll bet there won't be
many live to see it really end
Cause the fire in the street ain't
like the fire in the heart
And in the eyes of all these
people don't you know that
this could start.
On any street, in any town, in
any state
If any clown decides that now's
the time to fight for what he
thinks is right
And if a million more agree
there ain't no great society
as it applies to you and me
And that our country isn't free,
and that the law refuse to see
If all that you can ever be is a
lousy janitor unless your
uncle owns a store
You know that five in every
four just won't amount to
nothin more
They'll watch the rats go
around the floor
And make up songs about bein
poor...

blow your mind

'If You Get Headache...'

BY LORAINE ALTERMAN
Free Press Teen Writer

Mothers and fathers, you thought the Beatles were bad. You got up in arms about the Rolling Stones. Sonny and Cher made you cringe. Well, as the man said, you ain't seen nothing yet.

The Mothers of Invention are here with an album called "Freak Out" (someone suggested it should have been called "Flake Out"). They come from Hollywood. Their clothes are dreadful — and I dig mod clothes.

Their hair and beards are filthy. They smell bad. You just can't believe it.

Tuesday afternoon the Mothers appeared on Robin Seymour's TV show. As Art Cervi, "Swingin' Time" talent coordinator said, "We've never had anyone on the show that brought anything near the controversy they caused. The switchboard was flooded with viewers either saying the Mothers were great or awful."

If you missed them Tuesday, you can see them Saturday, July 23, on Dave Prince's "Club 1270" TV show. Pity the poor WXYZ switchboard operators!

Meanwhile here's what lead Mother Frank Zappa had to say.

"We play the new free music — music as absolutely free, unencumbered by American cultural suppression. We are systematically trying to do away with the creative roadblocks that our helpful American educational system has installed to make sure nothing creative leaks through to mass audiences.

"The same patriotic feeling expressed in songs like "The Green Beret" and "Day of Decision" are embodied in our every performance only on a more abstract level. Blatant flag waving gets to be a little nauseating. We represent the only true patriotism left.

"Here's instructions on playing our album. First you buy it. Second, don't leave it on the backseat of the car so it melts. Third, take out disc two and play the last side first . . . Turn off all the lights and sit in front of the stereo with your head in front of the speaker and turn the volume all the way up.

"Fourth, the cut lasts 12 minutes, 37 seconds. If by eight minutes you have a headache burn the album being careful not to inhale the fumes of the liner notes. Save the ashes because they're useful in the removal of warts and athletes foot. Fifth, if you live through the 12 minutes 37 seconds proceed . . ."

Why the Mothers of Invention? Explained Frank with a popsicle dripping on his mustache, "We're here to help them. Them being the nonthinking plastic robot targets of Madison Avenue nonsense, poverty programs and all that red, white and blue rigamarole."

So, mothers and fathers, next time the Beatles, the Stones, or Sonny and Cher come to town, welcome them with open arms. Next to the Mothers of Invention the other groups come on like the Bobsey Twins.

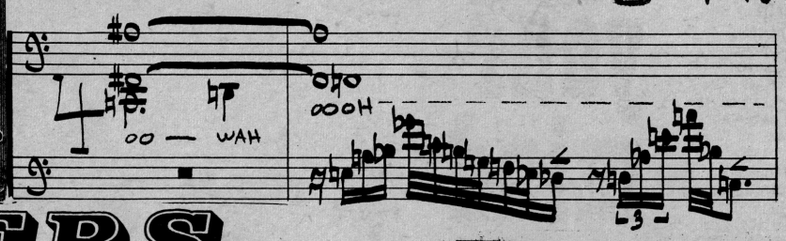
DETROIT FREE PRESS Friday, July 15, '66 3-C

Look Out Plastic People

The Mothers Have Arrived

REB FOSTER is initiated into The Mothers by Frank Zappa

THE CLEAN-CUT FOLKS DON'T LIKE US MUCH



MOTHERS

Invent Sounds Worse Than Music

(HERALD EXAMINER)

By BOB LEVINSON

They call themselves the Mothers of Invention. Consensus, a form of Group Confucius, has it that this alone will set Necessity back a few years.

The Mothers advocate a form of music currently alien to all except members of the United Mutations of Los Angeles, whose congregation is a delicatessen on Fairfax Avenue.

"If you think I'm weird, you should see some of them," Frank Zappa advised, interrupting his dissertation on "Freak Out" to conquer another piece of peach pie and sip coffee.

Frank is the Head Mother, the group's leader, musical director, composer, arranger, spokesman, and style-setter. He is skinny-tall, an emaciated John Carradine, and wears his hair long. A goatee lurks defiantly under his lower lip.

On this day he was wearing a collarless white shirt, candy-striped pants, and tennis sneakers — no socks. It was a warm day.

The Head Mother does not go unnoticed, and people were prone to stare now. He was eating and orating at a sidewalk table on the Sunset Strip.

"I don't believe pornography exists," Zappa said. "If pornography doesn't exist, how can it be there, in my music?"

He carved out another piece of pie and sneered at this interpretation of the 58:05 minutes of sound that constitutes "Freak Out," the remote Verve album that also has been classified as vulgar, ridiculous, a dangerous influence, and several un-nice things as well.

"Our whole bag is outrage," he explained. "That's it. The only way you can fight for survival is with outrage, because someone is going to outrage you right back.

"Each song in our album is an abstraction of certain trends in pop music. I tried to make it as gross as possible, so that somewhere along the line someone could say, 'That's really gross.'

"Even when it's supposedly serious, the whole thing is a satire. It satirizes all those groups that cut stuff that oozes. It's satirizing every puker rock-and-roll group and all that teenage nonsense with oversimplified lyrics, oohwah, falsetto, and mumbling business."

Two long-play records contain a plethora of sounds and styles and titles such as "Hungry Freaks, Daddy," "Who Are the Brain Police?," "Wowie Zowie," "Help, I'm a Rock," and "The Return of the Son of Monster Magnet.

The last runs 12:17 minutes and includes one section subtitled "Ritual Dance of the Child Killer." The composition is incomplete, but Verve needed something for Side 4 Frank declared.

Inside the album are photographs of the Mothers (Ray Collins, Jim Black, Roy Estrada, and Elliot Ingber), some of the Mothers' little helpers and United Mutation members, as well as reading matter authored by Zappa, much of it relevant to the music.

One part explains that to "freak out" is to practise free expression on an individual or collective basis. The Mothers do it on their records and, one infers, the delicatessen delegation on their rye bread.

Those who obtain the album may do it by discarding the records and playing the cover.

"This is a rough beginning," the Head Mother said. "Whether or not I believe, I was meant to do it."

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THE mothers

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LIGHT SHOW • NIRVANA
SHRINE EXPOSITION HALL

BY STAN BERNSTEIN
Times Staff Writer

Necessity is the mother of invention, but The Mothers of Invention proved Saturday night that a "Freak Out" will never be a necessity.

P. T. Barnum said there's a sucker born every minute and about 500 wandered into the Shrine Exposition Hall and found boredom. The show lacked direction and there was little or no supervision. What was supposed to be entertaining happened to be monotonous.

The Mothers of Invention is a musical quartet. The only way this can be deduced is from the press release. The decibel count on the sound system was so high that one wondered whether or not an air-raid siren system had gone berserk.

At one point the sound system broke down and there were a few moments of merciful silence. The only barely recognizable song performed was the Beatles' "Hard Day's Night." The arrangement was short and had absolutely no merit.

The music was supposed to provide a backdrop for a light show. Images were projected on four or five screens above the audience. This could have been the most of the evening's entertainment, but those in attendance just didn't want to be disturbed. They were like domestic animals in a corral just mooing and bleating.

The paying customers wanted to be part of the show. In attemping to dress in as outlandish costumes as possible, they all conformed to one style of dress — ridiculous. The most original costume was one guy in a shirt and tie.

Ventilation in the large hall was nonexistant. It was obvious that the "hot" routine was either to induce the audience to dance or buy refreshments. It didn't work. Some of the people just sat down on the floor, probably puzzling how they could have spent $2.50 for the show.

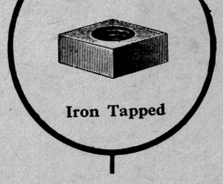
Kettle drums, side drums, chimes, gongs, xylophones and other instruments were utilized to create the sound. Ray Collins, lead vocalist of The Mothers of Invention, proved without a doubt that it's possible to sing poorly if they play loud enough behind you.

Some of the slides in the light show looked like the color slides from a Rorscharch test. Certain changes were made to keep pace with the music. Obviously somebody went to an awful lot of trouble to put the light show together, but it fell on deaf eyes.

After about an hour of having the eardrums punctured beyond repair it was time to fight off ennui. A guard warned at the exit that readmittance was not possible. It was the most welcome news of the night.

IT'S NOT PRETTY, ALSO YOU CAN'T DANCE TO IT

who are the Brain Police?



(THAT'S THE NAME OF OUR NEXT SINGLE — IT IS RADIANTLY MAGNIFICENT)

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LITTLE MAG REVIEW

LEN FULTON

POETS FROM LA RONDE TO AUSTRALIA

If the poetry is successful and sample right, a collection of work from some land gives a clue to the state of the psyche of certain general segments of that land. This, no matter how personal and introspective the poetry may be; in fact, the more deeply private the experience and the piece, the more acutely signal are the tensions and resolutions of a much wider slab of the populace.

The scientist is taught to ignore rigorously the prime rib of any sample — himself — while the poet sees himself at the center of the mess and measures the lines and stresses as they effect that center.

The poet is often accused of nursing his ego, and some may incidentally, but as the poem functions quite the opposite is true: as an artist the poet is highly modest, knowing that all he can hope to discuss with great meaning is himself; to reach very far beyond that is a case of presumption and ego that grows with every outward bound. The god bug — of omniscience and omnipotence — most often bites the scientist because his gadgets and bombs are so overtly and materially effective. But I do not talk about making gadgets and conquering the sun; I talk about knowing man.

A collection then of numbers from any one little magazine signals much of the underground turbulence, pain, ecstasy of some collection of human beings in much the same way as a set of plays or a line of paintings. It is more than reporting or assessment; it is the creation of a new angle, a new field, a new experience. The little mag does especially what science seeks to avoid — it "studies" subjectively and creatively through many individual minds and bodies, TRIES to change the very experience it considers.

So in any meaningful body of contemporary poetry in the little mags I find certain covert clues to a set of functioning people. Of course it requires participant observation to make any hay, and censorship is anathema to the process — which is probably why riots and revolutions come as such a belt to politicians.

What is going on with the Australians I don't know, but the clues are elusive if not absent, as in for instance recent issues of POETRY AUSTRALIA (350 Lyons Road, Five Dock, Sydney. N.S.W.) Now I'll be the first to admit that I have it rough divorcing politics from poetry, but I'll also be up there first to say that most openly political poetry is pretty hairy stuff. Yet there is the kind of work that measures the internal, individual bite of disagreeable, external and collective tragedies, work such as I cited by John Morgan last week. This work is successful and necessary to any place that still has a ball or two of hope and guts against the insane pangs of power. And Australia seems to be in too much the same racial-imperialistic bag as the U.S. to afford to be without some desperadoes.

Yet there sits the poetry, lumpily neuter, unhinged, all turned on with trees, cathedrals and "Milton's Ten Talents in the 'Groves of Academe'." Metaphors are studiously correct, images clean and grammar artistic (reminding me of a most profound conclusion of a linguist friend, that "communication, man, takes a lot of experimental slop.") But where are the protests, the word storms, the gimmicks, the libertines, nihilists and shit-fuckers? Where are the godsters, the pink-rain - drops - on - my - window - ledge - flowers - gardeners? Where is the heat, the cold, the pain, the passion? It all seems so cool, square, professional — and censored. Man, I don't want heat without light, but one just doesn't HAPPEN without the other.

Well, I don't suppose after that it'd hurt me to munch on a word or two. There ARE scant spots of light (not counting the Canadians and Americans who are just better than the Aussies.) Grace Perry gets off a contrastingly good one called "Another Country" (June issue) from which I excerpt:

. . . Yet we are overtaken;
ours is another, slower fall,
a palpable fog reaching for us
into the safety of our houses;
for we have inherited
our share of vacant space . . .

B.A. Breen has a good touch too in "Of a Late Pupil" (August issue) which ends:

Gay-tinsel winged
you pass me in your erratic
first flitting,
trying not to seem so pleased
to see
suddenly the collector-look in
my eye.

NOTE: Ben L. Hiatt, editor and publisher of GRR Books (Box 536, La Grande, Oregon) and Grande Ronde Review, has come in with the best idea yet on small-press books, a series of truly POCKET sized, beautifully mimeoed volumes of single poets, two dozen pages with a nice cover for a quarter or a half buck. I have four here: QUARTER TONES (25¢) by Gene Fowler who dedicates his book to "those with no money for fat anthologies & trade editions of salvation/ and for poets/friends/editors & others in this our strange world of littel mugs (sic); DAILY BREAD (50¢) by Mel Buffington (editor of BLITZ, a cool little); ALGOL IN SCORPIO (50¢) by Nick Smith, a very promising poet indeed; and BLUES FROM THURSTON COUNTY (50¢) by Charles Potts. Hiatt has also published several more similar volumes, one by himself, and apparently three or four by La Grande poet Ronald Bayes. La Grande is a town, by the way, that just seems to have it. It sits up in the northeast Oregon cow country and has less than 10,000 people (plus a fine college). If St. Louis, which La Grande would fit into 71 times, had the same percentage of swingers, the Mississippi would sing to its delta instead of trudge.

SEND ALL REVIEW BOOKS AND MAGS TO LEN FULTON, BOX 123, EL CERRITO, CAL.

"Pat Morgan, Dallas Producer, is presenting one of the wildest light shows and dance freak out performances at the Shrine Exposition Hall Saturday night Sept. 17," according to Joe Shugurs, top west coast Emcee.

The show will feature the Mothers of Invention, Little Gary Ferguson, along with the West Coast Pot Art Experimental Band Count Five, Kenny Dino, and The Factory.

Charles Camplin of the L.A. Times says 'The West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band is a total experience of incredible crescendos of sound, sustained walls of sound that seem to have a physical presence in the room."

The Mothers of Invention are reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

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Bohemian Newspapers Spread Across Country

By PETER BART
Special to The New York Times

LOS ANGELES, July 31 — A surging crowd of 3,000 persons, many in bizarre masks and costumes, tried to jam into a frowsy dance hall last week to attend the second anniversary party of a small weekly newspaper.

The newspaper, a tabloid called The Free Press, is unknown to most residents of Los Angeles. But to a coterie of Bohemians, artists, hippies, Sunset Strip drifters and New Left activists, The Free Press represents an authentic new "community voice."

Started just two years ago on an investment of $15, The Free Press has become the granddaddy of a curious new genre of newspapers that is emerging around the nation. These new journals are, in a sense, community newspapers, but their communities are socio-political rather than geographic.

Among the new entries are The Berkeley (Calif.) Barb, The Berkeley (Calif.) Citizen, The East Village Other in New York, The Paper in East Lansing, Mich., the Fifth Estate in Detroit, The Lake Shore Gazette in Chicago and The Pacific Sun in San Rafael, Calif.

Some Crude Products

Though some of these are relatively crude journalistic products, they nonetheless reflect two phenomena—the expansion of liberal minded professional and Bohemian communities in several major cities and the determination of aspiring young newspaper publishers to challenge established conservative metropolitan newspapers.

Five of these papers have banded together to form an Underground Press Syndicate that operates as an exchange for news and features.

John Wilcock, a former columnist for The Village Voice who helped found The East Village Other, says the syndicate will be expanded to include yet another new entry, The Greater London Other, scheduled to start publication in England in the fall.

Though the new newspapers differ in format and content, most oppose the war in Vietnam, espouse the politics of the New Left and devote considerable space to the avant garde arts. Max Scherr, bearded editor-publisher of The Berkeley Barb, describes his readership as representing "the hip left."

Says Peter Werbe, 26-year-old news editor of The Fifth Estate:

Journals Serve Communities That Are Socio-Political, Not Geographical

"Our function is to serve the growing number of people who are alienated, who feel that America is becoming unlivable, people whose interests are not served by the established conservative press."

Typically, a recent issue of The Fifth Estate carried a long profile of Bob Dylan, the folk singer, an essay on Black Power and a story about antinapalm protests.

While The Fifth Estate and The Barb tend to focus on the hippie element, some of the new papers are looking beyond this substratum. The Pacific Sun concentrates on cultural news and politics and, though it supported peace candidates in the last election, seeks a broadly liberal readership in an area dominated by highly conservative newspapers. Merrill D. Grohman, the publisher, also publishes the four-month-old Berkeley Citizen, which is owned by a consumer cooperative.

Art Gallery Owner

Perhaps the most culture-conscious of all the new papers is the three-month-old Lake Shore Gazette, whose publisher, Robert T. Silverman, owns a local art gallery.

The Gazette, which is distributed free to 15,000 apartment dwellers in the posh Lake Shore area, carries extensive listings of reviews of Chicago cultural activities, long critical essays on the arts and even some original fiction.

"We are not underground oriented," Mr. Silverman says, "but we are intent on reaching a readership that the big papers have neglected—the highly educated urban-oriented sort of person who is too bright for the big-city papers."

If The Gazette spurns the underground, The East Village Other eagerly embraces it. Mr. Wilcock, a staff member of The Other, whose column is carried by similar papers in other cities, also was among the original founders of the 11-year-old Village Voice (circulation 55,000). The Voice, Mr. Wilcock says, has become a community newspaper for Greenwich Village while The Other "serves an international community of the underground."

The Los Angeles Free Press was founded by a 38-year-old Brooklyn-born printer and tool and diemaker named Arthur Kunkin, who felt that "the liberal-Bohemian" community in Los Angeles was becoming large enough to support a newspaper. He spent $15 to print brochures, soliciting advertising and received $200 in pledges in a week. This was his total capital for publishing the paper.

Mr. Kunkin's paper, whose circulation totals nearly 12,000 ncovers a wide range of news generally ignored by the city's two conservative papers. It devotes special attention to news of the Bohemian-artistic community, avant garde painting and music (it even reviews "happenings"), conditions in Watts, the LSD controversy and the tactics of the police in dealing with Los Angeles' proliferating hipster population. Its literary style is uneven and its working vocabulary might embarrass a marine.

Its columnists include Lawrence Lipton, once the dean of the Venice beatnik colony. Its anniversary party was called The Great Underground Arts Masked Ball and Orgy. Fifty police were on hand to keep order.

The Free Press is published in a shabby office in East Hollywood, which also sells bumper stickers and buttons carrying such slogans as Legalize Abortion, Hire the Morally Handicapped, Dump LBJ in '68 and Hugh Hefner Is a Virgin.

Its want ads solicit entries to the next Miss Nude Universe Pageant, offer guides to "Los Angeles' lovely lovelies" and contains such messages as "straight cool beatnik wishes to meet the same kind; love girls, like men, in that order."

The Free Press, like most of the other new papers, still operates on a hazardous financial margin. Some of the newcomers, such as The Santa Barbara Journal and The San Francisco Open City Press, have already folded after brief publishing careers. But the fact that still others continue to arise is, in itself, a phenomenon since the newspaper industry historically as been a tough one to crack.

"I believe the newcomers represent a whole new type of journalistic opportunity," says Shelly Treshansky, copy editor of The Lake Shore Gazette.

"Many young college graduates like myself who once regarded the newspaper industry as untouchable are now inspired to try and start new papers. This is just the beginning. The new newspapers that will come into existance in the next few years will awaken people to the arts and to ideas. It's a whole new ball game."

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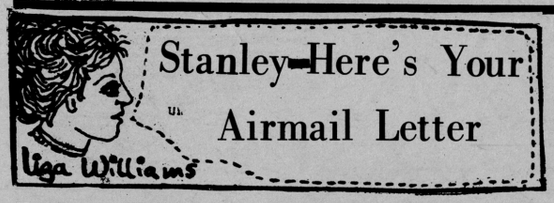


Where do we go you and I, touching lips and envelopes across our years? We reappear in stunned guises — I the suburban housewife in Africa — with hat and gloves having tea at 11 am on a balcony overlloking Adderley Street, below the sporadic crowds, the sun grown girls in apricot dresses, the veiled women with parcels, moving towards the silver escalator in the OK Bazaar, palm trees and grey cementblock bank buildings on the corner. Evening dance, fete, gathering to launch a campaign for a nice government, a cousin of my new marriage touched me briefly on the hand — welcome to the family — seeing my New York Jewish face staring back in the midst of the flowers of the Church of England landscape.

You were weaving money in New York, and words. Going upward from the needle shop of Mr. Singer to the explosive living rooms along the river, tying your Washington Heights heart with esoteric word ribbons, dreaming in French or not at all. At that time I was living in a cell of activity, turning out warnings — Arise Black People! — wishing to be pushed into the sea, my pale face to float just submerged, shining, a fish scale substitute for moonlight.

Cape Town autumn comes in May with dampness and the smell of soaking leaves. Hydrangea leaves form walls between houses and the few warm afternoons loosen the thoughts and timetables and patience. In the pine forests of Tokai and Constantia the pale brown mushrooms rise at the foot of trees and fall quickly into our Portuguese straw baskets. We ate them cooked in wine and garlic and butter, round stewplates full of dark pungent mushrooms. The man who dreamed of May and mushrooms must be dreaming of mushrooms all the months, in his jail on the island, off the shore where the sun went into the sea in cranberry ecstacy. The deep colour crept up the 12 Apostles granite crags that bound the forced peninsula. I was told it was the reflection off the ash in the sky from the bomb in the Aleutians.

All this time you were in New York teaching sex and French to youngish children and trying to heal your whiplash love of seeing the back of your head on fire. When we lived together in Paris, after you took me from that strange New York, and we plotted love orgies with imaginary poets and lustrous ladies of the inner eye, and lived off stolen food that Toussaint brought us, taking it from under his bulging jacket with a movement of triumph to display before our greed eyes while we mumbled — You really should be careful — you said I was your sister. Toussaint only understood when coming early to our room he saw me next to you in bed, my hair tied with rag curlers. Ah — he whispered to me later, as we played in bed in the little room high in the mansard roofed house overlooking the bridge and the island — you never curl your hair with me.

He told us of his plans to publish, to make movies, and then he want away to visit his home, back to Belgium, and on the way he was hit by a car, do you remember? We went to see him in Liege, and he lay there, a stiff white wrapped doll in a foreign hospital. You said—helas my poor friend Toussaint—and I said to him—of course I love you—and was sorry, and we left for Venice immediately.

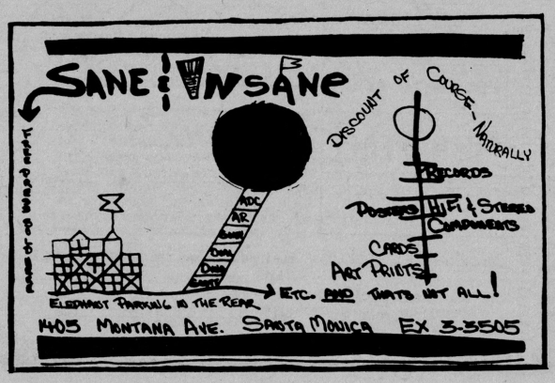
On the way we passed through the gutted shell of industrial Germany, saw Koln, where the cathedral stood alone amongst the rubble pointing acusingly at God by courtesy of the American Air Force. All around were whipped-cream shops and stores full of radios and watches, little one story quick made buildings bursting with the spoils of war. In the air-raid shelter where we slept amongst the other youth hostlers, there were two German boys in medieval courderoy costumes, apprentices to the carpentry guild who spent the year, as was the membership requirement, walking from village to village learning the secrets of wood from each village master. When we woke in the tunnel room, our shoes were damp and beginning to mold. We all looked at each other and compared our shoes and exchanged addresses and promised we would write, one girl who was German said—we have so much to learn.

What happened then? We returned eventually to Paris, and you said —enough of this, I have to pay for love—and you set me on my own. I went for a while to a studio on Rue de la Grande Chaumier and you to the woman with the monkey who stole my mexican reboso. And after that, there were only letters.

And so I went to Africa, and you feared me eaten by cannibals, and I was, though they were white and quoted the Bible about the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. You went back to New York with an English wife and the seed of your daughter who would be named after me, still bouncing in your body.

Envelopes with airmail stamps bridging thirteen years of exile. You from the runner who knew the end of the course so clearly that everything else was little white rabbits, and me from the historical sequence that hd given me crazy parents, an unstable world of air raid warning signs and a homosexual lover. Now I am here and somewhat healed, and you are there tirled and magnificent on parochial school letterhead. the king of Christianity, your nose hidden behind your nose nidden behind your name.

We Jewish kids always make good.



ON DISPLAY— The above is part of a 100 photograph exhibit by Carl Toothman of Santa Monica now on display at the Santa Monica Library Art Gallery. The exhibit is free. Hours are 10 am until 9 pm weekdays, 10 am until 5:30 pm Saturdays. Closed Sundays and holidays. The exhibit closes September 28.

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FILM REVIEW

MADEMOISELLE IS NOT GENET AND IT'S NOT GENET'S WAY

JOHN SCHMITZ

This film is not the work of Jean Genet but of the director Tony Richardson. It is unsatisfying because the ideas which it expresses are not sufficiently profound or stimulating to repay the effort needed to unravel them. As a criticism I am speaking of the film's interpretation by the director and not the screenplay by Jean Genet.

I feel that the film directed by Harold Strick on one little set at KTTV, titled "THE BALCONY" was far better because Strick took the trouble to seek advice from Genet. One would expect the director to know more about the double myth and bring it out. Only a surface quality is in the film.

We have a story only. What is absent is Jean Genet. The frustrations of Jeanne Moreau are clearly the psychological sexual problems of Genet. We have here nothing of the director's interpretation of the myth. The director through his camerawork (David Watkin) has done a fine job of using black and white film. Both run to extremes, the day shots are of the brightest white while the night shots are almost in complete darkness, the longest long shots contrast with closeups.

It is all a mating dance that one could call sexual but the myth of Miss Moreau as the down at the mouth school teacher who commits monstrous acts such as causing floods and fires, poisoning livestock and other revenges on society and in her world like her crumpling bird's eggs in a nest, etc., just don't come off.

The film fails to inform the viewers, not so much as even a hint that Miss Moreau is Genet. In the screenplay Genet makes this very clear that it is he who falls in love with the woodchopper and betrays him. It is clear that the director failed to bring out the between the lines story. Treachery, theft and homosexuality are the basic subjects of the screenplay. As Genet says, "My taste is for the betrayal of my loves." The actress does not speak the lines of Genet. The film would have been successful if it had represented the screenplay the way Genet meant it.

The movie comes off as a boring nightmare, plodding along like a case out of a medico-forensic study on sadism. The stiff school teacher Moreau getting herself dressed to meet her lover, breasts are taped to increase her pleasure, her hair done up, her black shoes shined and out she goes to poison cattle, set fire to hay stalls, burning a man to death. The face of the sadist as she hears the screaming of the trapped cattle. This sexual sadist is stiff in the schoolroom, straight laced and suppressed. After each scene she goes off to bed after being excited by her deeds to masturbation. However, the film is cut when she turns off the lights after looking at herself in the mirror. She seems to not be sexually interested in men until the all-male woodchopper attracts her.

Now in the seduction of him she acts in agony when she spies him with another woman, she trembles and there is a palpitation of her whole body. She yields to the impulse for hours of intercourse on the open field, even in a stormy, rainy weather she licks his face. Her dress is dirty and torn and they head back to the village only to stop for more intense passion.

A distant shot of her rapid cessation of libido and he on top of her with his powerful body. Finally gratification sets in and she returns to the village and as he is suspect for setting the fires and letting the flood gate loose she tells the village people that she had been raped.

Her final sadistic act is to betray her lover to the farmers who in a scene covered up by weeds they attack him with their axes and there is the horror sight of their chopping him up and the single shot of his bloody head with his crucifix wrapped around his neck. She leaves the village as the honored bourgeois.

The normal, the comfortable, the simple unendowed farmers have taken their revenge but on the foreigner (he is an Italian in the film) and it is all too reminiscent of the lynch mob in the South.

A study in sadism misses the point. It is a very one-sided view of the work of Genet. It shows revenge on society but does not explain that it is a myth. The film was used to shock and it comes off with just that and nothing of the creative direction it should have had.

The important thing is to see the artist, not the director, for the director had little to say but Genet has. In this case the director had a viewpoint on morality. I would much rather read Genet's books than see an artsy-craftsy film.

YOU HAVE A FUNNY NAVEL.
WERE YOU ADOPTED ?

THEATRE REVIEW

LES AISENMAN

ACTORS DEN 'WHITE WINGS FOR A BLACK DOVE'

Certainly no one in his right mind would contend that the theatre scene in L.A., or anywhere else in this country for that matter, is healthy. The economics of theatre production are at best depressing and under normal conditions completely intollerable. With motion picture and television grabbing the most promising young talents, theatre is left with the hopefuls, the has-beens, the never-will-be's, and the occasional dedicated craftsman or artist. Yet somehow it remains.

A case in point is The Actors Den, founded by Alberto Monte and Robert Jahnke. Obviously blessed with limited funds Monte and Jahnke have wrought a minor miracle in converting the living room of a second story apartment into a thoroughly functional and adequate proscenium theatre. Limiting their house to only 37, the designers have provided a larger acting area than seems reasonable or possible. The curtained stage has the demonstrated capability for housing more than single set shows, and with imaginative use might house any but the most vast and complex theatrical ventures.

The theatre operates under the rules of the Equity Workshop Code with the announced intention of "bringing to the American Audience the works of Latin American playwrights." In view of our limited exposure to this body of work, it is to be hoped that they will choose to present a representative selection rather than relying upon old standards.

In this respect, "WHITE WINGS FOR A BLACK DOVE," the current production, is a step in the right direction. Originally written as a screenplay, Mr. Monte has adapted his work for the stage. While the end product leaves much to be desired one must applaud the Actors Den's audacity and courage in mounting an original work as their second effort. There is little opportunity for playwrights who have not yet been acclaimed on or off Broadway to be produced and thus learn their craft. Certainly an important element of any productive and creative theatre climate includes the presentation of new work by new authors.

Oddly enough "WHITE WINGS FOR A BLACK DOVE" has two striking similarities to the play reviewed last week, "BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFE." It too concerns itself with the unpleasant results of "unnatural" love, and is accompanied by a narrator. But Monte is one up on Albee. He seems to be functioning with an understanding of his material. The relationships are defined, the social conditions are clear, and the conflict that arises out of their frustrations and emotional gratifications creates a reasonably cohesive melodrama.

In adapting his work to the stage, Mr. Monte has unnecessarily relied upon the device of the narrator. If he were cut en toto the only real loss would consist of a questionable explanation of the title. While Monte has justified the existence of the narrator as a grown-up version of one of the leading characters, his removal would quicken the pace, eliminate a distraction, and permit the play to unfold with greater coherence.

Describing the plight of a young and beautiful girl whose amorous involvement with a fine young man is viciously distorted by the envious shrews of the village, we follow the destruction and degradation of a murder, unjust imprisonment, rape, incest, devotion, and finally the revelation, in which the true villain is exposed and brought to justice.

The action is slick, but the dialogue trips.

Mr. Monte's use of colloquial English is often forced and at times embarassing. In debt to Fredrico Garcia-Lorca (the great poet-dramatist of Spain) for many of his theatrical devices, he makes the mistake of attempting to emulate Lorca's poetic style in flights of inferior poetic prose that stand naked and unsupported by his more conventional realistic dialogue. While consistency is not always desirable, the blending of divergent styles requires more craftsmanship than Mr. Monte displays.

The most creative element in the production was a brilliant use of lighting to heighten the emotional impact of a child birth scene. While Ana (the young heroine) is wracked with the birth pangs of her bastard son, a green and red spot are rapidly alternated producing an old-time flickerlike vision of the tormentors who appear in Ana's mind, heightening the pain and terror of the experience. It is a theatrical moment of great achievement and intense emotional impact. While the direction and the acting is spotty, the effect is so stunning that it is well worth the time invested for anyone interested and concerned with creative theatre. Admission is by invitation... and the production closes next week. Call 467-3916.

* * *

Where is theatre? You may find unexpected signs of vitality on college campuses, in community and little theatre, and even on the professional stage. While much theatre today is unadulterated crap, we can continue to hope for the development of more creative constructive and ambitious undertakings so long as the artists will to create and survive still exists.

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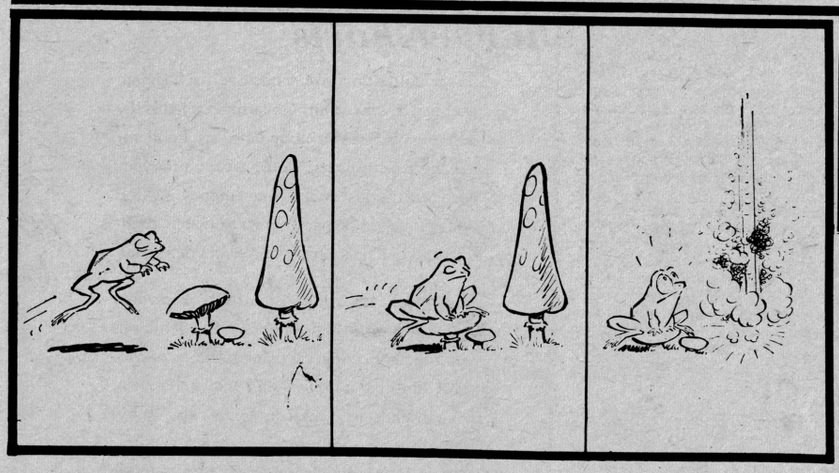


VIET GI SPEAKS OUT

Barbara La Morticella and John Brownson

Moe Armstrong is 22 years old. He is among the minority of former servicemen in Vietnam who have seen actual combat duty. Moe spent ten months in the fighting as a medical corpsman with the 3rd Reconnaisance Battalion of the 3rd Marine Division.

If anybody talks tough in Vietnam it is the truckdrivers and other supply troops. They are the ones who are apt to wear Viet Cong scalps around their necks. Moe was shipped home in a state of catatonic shock, and some 85% of Moe's platoon cracked up. If reconnaisance troops come back at all, they are badly shaken up.

Moe describes his closest friend who returned from the fighting: "He's just nothing, just like a zero, a zombie." For many Moe believes, a great part of the next twenty years will involve shutting the door completely on this part of their lives, not talking about it and not thinking about it. "It sounds funny, but a lot of the combat troops will end up winos. I met a lot of those guys on the Bowery in New York." Moe, himself, is now a dedicated pacifist.

Moe's father owns his own business in Bushnell, Illinois, a small farming community. As a youth, Moe was always a roughneck and distinguished himself only as captain of his high school football team. Except for this, he just generally messed around, to the despair of his mother who had been a straight "A" student in high school.

Because of his cantankerous ways, Moe was regarded as not very bright. "Nobody ever asked the right questions," he says now. "Nobody ever asked if I was sensitive. Nobody ever asked if I was creative." When Moe left high school he felt restless. "I knew I wanted more out of life than to live in Bushnell. . . I didn't know what it was, but I knew I was anxious, and I knew that people around me felt that way. I mean it just radiated. . . so I joined the service. The service was good for me. Christ, I was nothing in Illinois. I was dying in Illinois, my mind was caving in in Illinois. I just thought Illinois was going to crush me."

Until his last few months in the service, he was considered a very good soldier. "I was referred to once as a 'real fighting son-of-a-bitch.' That was the image. . . I played it to the fullest. I believed in this image so much, that when I first got over there I wrote this letter to the Peoria Star and said how much I believed it. Which is really sad, because I look back on the whole thing and I really feel like a fool, for writing a letter like that and getting it published. . . But, I am a fairly sensitive person, and I had to really go all out. I had to be the best combat troop, the hardest combat troop, as a defense, a protection of my own being."

"I remember sitting on this hilltop one night on radio watch. They were sending in artillery and it was white phosphorous. We were all commenting about how pretty it looked. On the other side of this mountain there were houses and people were living in them. Since I thought it looked so pretty and we all thought it looked so pretty, I decided the I'd call that I was hearing secondary small arms explosions. . . So I phoned in for artillery and my lieutenant turned green and grabbed the telephone from me and tried to cancel the mission. But, we got some volleys in first."

"There were several other times when I made spottings just to watch the artillery go off. My platoon commander wanted to believe me. He wouldn't try to verify it or anything because this was good for him, to make all these spottings of Viet Cong running around. So I suppose, by that token alone certainly, I'd classify myself as a war criminal. There are times when I sit around my room and think: Christ, you know you've gotta tell people this. . . We've gotta get back and be human beings. I feel so guilty, it's like I should stand on every street corner and scream 'LOOK!'"

Moe's disillusionment with the Army began in the Philippines. He was sitting under a tree reading when his platoon sergeant, a Marine for ten years, came up to him and said that he could see where the peace demonstrators had a point, because "there were these people who were playing games with his life. That's what he said. . . with HIS life."

When Moe got to Vietnam, he found out what his sergeant had meant. "It was so mad, the really wild and unbelievable missions they would send us on. The term we all used was 'ouija board' missions. Like these leaders would all get together and try to outdo each other, to see who could get the worst mission."

But, Moe's disgust was crystallized on a search mission. "We were going down the trail and there was this North Vietnamese and two Viet Cong. They tried to surrender, but this guy who was on guard was so frightened that he shot them down anyway. One died, another was wounded; the third one got away. The First Sergeant ran down and tried to fix this person. Even though he was wounded, he was still trying to knock us away. It was starting to get day there, and hot. God, it's so awful hot there in the day. . . We waited 45 minutes for this damned Helicopter. So I ran back to the Captain and I said, "When are these helicopters going to get here? I mean, this guy is still alive. He might die." And, the Captain said, "Aw, no matter. He's just a gook."

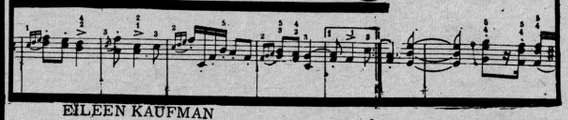
Moe's compassion for the Vietnamese earned him the nick-name "People to People". He was one of the few men in his unit who learned the Vietnamese language and tried to understand them—partly because they reminded him of the people back home. "It's hard to say how many of them were from North Vietnam. Most of the people I ran into were just peasants. They'd get up in the morning and farm. . . It was really spooky because here were these same types of country people I knew from home— it's just that they were Asiatic. Country people are country people."

I asked Moe whether South Vietnam would go Communist if we

(Continued on page 17)

"Can you imagine the effort that went into this . . . the manpower . . . planning permission . . ."

SOUNDS



EILEEN KAUFMAN

I walked into a dimly lit jazz room the other day, and just for a few moments, I envisioned myself back in New York in some small bistro... maybe on a noisy Harlem thoroughfare or tucked away in The Village... perhaps St. Mark's Place..... that tenor man was blowing some potent nostalgia, putting me through some changes, winging me back with every tender phrase ... creating memories of other rooms, other voicings..... Coltrane at the Gate, Ornette at the 5 Spot, Monk at The Jazz Gallery... Miles at the Village Vanguard... Cecil Taylor at a loft party on Broadway — playing three quarters of an hour until his shirt was wet with the perspiration of skill and creativity ... all in the hazy past now... all a dim part of blue spirals of cigarette smoke disappearing into cool echoes of recorded sessions... resurrected only on albums recorded "live" and living forever on Garrard changers and in the stereos of Jazz enthusiasts...

It was a Sunday "Afternoon in the Hole" at Shelley's Manne Hole on Cahuenga. On the platform was altoist Sonny Criss and his quartet... Gildo Mahones on piano, David Dyson, bass, and Jimmie Smith on drums.

The second set began with a mystical intro by Gildo, burgeoning into a melodious alto solo on "Willow, Weep For Me" by Sonny. This musician plays a very pretty horn; he has a myriad of musical ideas, and he just sits there on the barstool, looking cool and taking care of business. Not many alto men play pretty these days. They are too intent on squeaking, honking and looking for the lost continent of Atlantis to play tonal beauty.

Jimmie Smith set a nice unobtrusive beat, and the piano echoed the alto in a manner not unpleasing to the ear.

"Days of Wine and Roses" featured Gildo and Sonny in a driving, upbeat version displaying infinite technique by all concerned.

On Ellington's beautiful ballad, "Prelude to a Kiss," Sonny swung deftly into a mellow mode, compounded by Gildo's groovy blues piano solo. This tune is performed all too seldom and by inappropriate musicians. It was a joy to hear it done well by a blues oriented group.

Exit swinging: The last number in the set was a request, "High Heeled Sneakers." This was done with a pure Rhythm & Blues feeling... Gildo is much at home in this idiom, with Criss-A-Go-Go on this one, not without humor. The drummer, who resembles a small Sonny Rollins, exhibited a primitive jungle beat on his imaginative drum breaks.

I left with a feeling of satisfaction that there was at least one more afternoon of jazz in this town of 5 million.

For late sessions elsewhere, try the Rip Tide at 1515 Main Street in Santa Monica ... Guido Sinclair on horn and Bob Arkin on bass seem to be among the regulars ... The Manne-Hole features Cannonball nightly until September 11th. Don't forget — one performance only — September 11th — "El" Chico Hamilton, Man of Two Worlds, at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium! Ella and The Duke will appear at the Greek Theatre from September 19 to September 25.

For those of you going to San Francisco the week following the Monterey Jazz Festival — Cannonball will be at The Jazz Workshop until October 2nd. Then The First Annual Pacific Jazz Festival begins on October 7th in Costa Mesa.

Don Ellis announced at Bonesville Monday that there is a trust fund for percussionists being set up in the memory of the late Ross Pollock, talented young drummer for Ellis, who was killed last month in a tragic accident in Monaco. The San Fernando Symphony Association is handling the memorial trust fund for the parents of the deceased musician.

Send donations to:
San Fernando Valley Symphony Association, c/o Sid Ross, Suite 18, 4444 Whittset Avenue, Studio City, California.

Would you believe Department: Julie London is spearheading the Sexual Revolution movement with her new side called "Nice Girls Don't Stay For Breakfast," but wait: it ends with this graphic lyric, "but please pass the jam." O.K.

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"In this department, sir, the forces for good exist solely to wipe out evil."

Mark Mayers, President of the North Hollywood Young Democrats, one of the largest Young Democratic groups in California, has announced the names of the new club sponsors, Arthur Carstens and Farrel Broslawsky, both of North Hollywood.

Broslawsky, a professor at Los Angeles Valley College in Van Nuys, is very active in youth organizations and has had much experience in political activities. Carstens, a UCLA teacher and senior staff member of the Industrial Relations Department is also the sponsor of university groups as well as other youth organizations.

In announcing the acceptance by the two Valley men, Mayers pointed out that traditionally the sponsors guide and direct the club members in their work in the election campaigns. Carstens will speak at the next meeting of the club to outline the plans for the coming elections.

EBIRCSBUS

VIET GI SPEAKS OUT

(From page 16)

pulled out. "Oh, Communist, Communist," he said impatiently. "In fact, I didn't see any Communists. I saw a lot of farmers. It's like there's an insurrection in the Mid-west and saying the whole country will go Communist if we lose it. At home, people aren't that well versed in politics that they give a damn— I mean, they're Republicans and their families have been Republican. But, what it boils down to is that they're really farmers— I mean people go beyond politics. It's just politicians that never quite make it that far. . ."

"The Vietnamese love that farm. And, there's going to be no government take it away from them. That's what we don't understand. I mean, we're the only people that have taken away the farmland. Sure, we reimburse the people. But, they're better businessmen than that. They know we're going to come in and buy the land and that they're going to lose money on it."

"I went down and talked with the people continuously. I sat by the road and ate Bun with the old ladies; and talked with the village girls. I'd go into the villages and laugh with the kids and cry with the mothers and run around with the old men and went down and tried to farm a field with one of the farmers. . . I had a great time."

"The Americans don't understand the Vietnamese," Moe said. "It's not that I do. But, I was able to realize that we're worlds apart. . . It's not uncommon over there to see boys holding hands with boys or girls holding hands with girls. They're very affectionate, very beautiful people. And of course, we come in with all our callousness and John Wayne T.V. shows and things. . . They're a lot more independent, I think, than the Americans are. There's so much that we could learn from these people about hard work and initiative. But, we won't because they're gooks; and how can a gook teach an American?"

"I've seen a lot of our guys just stand off the back end of a truck and urinate in public. They walk around and make all kinds of erotic gestures towards the women. It was almost like I noticed in the U.S. A lot of white people think of Negro women as if they're all whores or something. . ."

"And to show you how ridiculous these bombings are, once we spotted a whole cannon being assembled on the side of this mountain . . . and they brought in jets. The ordinates we gave were on the side of the mountain. They could at least have dropped the napalm on the side of the mountain, but the jets came over the farmland and dropped all the napalm in the valley. They missed the whole side of the mountain. Which, you know, sounds really ridiculous but it happened. So all they got out of it was just burning down these people's rice paddies. And we brought in our cheap white rice and gave it to the natives instead of the nutritious brown rice . . . that's what's so sad."

"These people have so much internally. And of course, we treat them like little kids because they are small. That's what's so funny. We take this parental outlook on them, you know. . . when it's the Americans that are stumbling around. And, we try to do constructive things in a funny way. It reminds me in some ways of maybe the white Southerner patting the Negro on the head or something. And the Negro knows this guy really hates his guts."

"And I feel bad, so sad about the children who are being raised now where they beg for things to be thrown to them off the back of a moving truck. They'll run, and the guys will dangle things off the back end of the truck, like you'd do to some animal. . . And my mind was so warped that I didn't see anything really that much wrong with that at the time. But a Vietnamese said, "You make beggars out of our children, whores out of our women and Viet Cong out of our men."

"You see pictures of Americans dragging prisoners around—to intimidate these people enough so you can break them down and they confess. In this one village I didn't see this, but my platoon commander came back all chuckling and happy about it. This one woman wouldn't talk. So, they hooked her up with an electric apparatus on her fingers and ground away and shocked her. And she was there dancing around. These Vietnamese had her all wired up. And, she was telling them all kinds of things about how guerillas had been through the village the night before. It reminds me kind of like a police intimidation thing like you see in the gangster movies. Those South Vietnamese really bang the people around. Especially when Americans are around—then they always turn towards the American and smile and say, "By Jesus, there's a tough gook!"

"One time my commanding officer was talking about gooks, and I looked at him and said, "Why, you're a racist. You really are a racist."

"It just suddenly came to me like that you know. This was in the last two months that I was over there, and I was really starting to see a lot of things. Mostly it was a satire type thing, and everybody was laughing with me and saying, 'Yeah, that's the way it is.' And. I think that broke down a lot of defenses, because people really started coming across. We all found out that we were really all believing that this was all a lot of bullshit."

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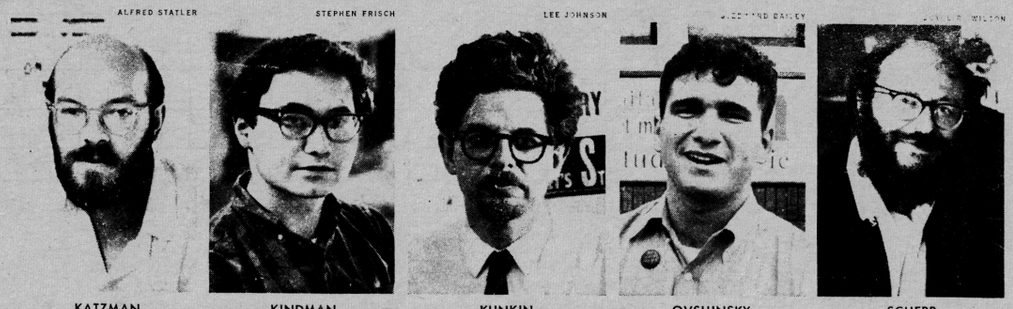


Not even if he changed his initials from L.B.J. to LSD.

Reprinted from Time Magazine, July 29,1966

Courtesy TIME. Copyright TIME Inc. 1966.

Underground Alliance

Shoestring papers of the strident left are popping up like weeds across the U.S. Their editors, writers and subscribers represent a curious coalition of hipsters and beatniks, college students and teachers, political zealots and the just plain artsy-craftsy. Their subject matter is largely anti-Establishment protest: they are typically against the war in Viet Nam, against the draft and against the police. President Johnson is their favorite whipping boy, and it is unlikely that he could win them over even if he changed his initials from L.B.J. to LSD.

Until recently, the new papers of the left that have managed to survive have made it on their own. Now, to better their condition, five of them are banding together in something called the Underground Press Syndicate, a vague alliance through which they hope to exchange articles, columns and cartoons, hire one agency to solicit advertising for all of them, and divide up all income. The five:

▶ Manhattan's East Village Other, initiator of the Underground Press Syndicate. A 16-page tabloid published twice monthly, EVO boasts a circulation of 10,000 after just eight months on the streets. "We are in favor of evolution, not revolution," says Managing Editor Allan Katzman, 29, a poet with a bachelor's degree in philosophy from the City College of New York. "We hope to transform the middle class by internal and external stimuli, by means of media and LSD." Though EVO is obsessed with LSD, Katzman still finds generous space for an avant-garde international survey of the arts called "Voyeurama," a rambling column by John Wilcock (an original staffer on the now middle-aged Village Voice), and a presumably popular feature called "Slum Goddess," which consists of photographs of young girls who radiate "anti-Establishment qualities." The want ads are blunt and to the point. Sample: "Groovy, free spirit chick wanted to share West Village apt. with guy, 27. No rent. 242-8282. Bob."

▶ The Los Angeles Free Press, another 16-page tabloid, comes out weekly, claimed a circulation of 9,000 on its second birthday last week. Editor and Publisher Art Kunkin, 38, a former machinist who studied at Manhattan's New School for Social Research, sees his paper as "a forum for free expression of critical comment and dialogue." Kunkin keeps a closer eye on local problems than does EVO, started a commendable series of sociological studies of Watts almost immediately after the riots last summer. The Free Press fills its classified column with ads that are often explicit and occasionally written in an unfathomably cryptic private language. Read one such recent notice: "Stepney—San Francisco awaits your September; I bid August—Josie."

▶ The Berkeley (Calif.) Barb is an eight- to twelve-page weekly, less than a year old, with a circulation of 7,500. Says the Barb's bearded editor, Max Scherr, 50, a local bohemian of long standing: "I'm interested in all the little movements that are divergent from the mainstream of the culture." Scherr also admits—reluctantly—that sex and radical anti–Viet Nam articles are what sell his paper. Radical is the word. Wrote a Barb columnist known only as "The Roving Rat Fink," after President Johnson's recent speech in Omaha: "Never before has an American president dared to come on so arrogant. He managed to sound much like der late Führer, who also was elected by a large majority."

▶ East Lansing, Mich.'s The Paper was started last December by Michael Kindman, 21, a Michigan State senior and Merit Scholar majoring in history. It is Kindman's way of striking back at "the bureaucratic minds" that run the university. Kindman says he has 3,000 subscribers for his weekly.

▶ Detroit's The Fifth Estate, an eight-page paper, has been publishing twice monthly since last November for a circulation of 1,000. Its editor is Harvey Ovshinsky, 18, who put in a brief stint at the Los Angeles Free Press after graduating from high school, came back to Detroit to set up his own paper because "the liberals, the hippies and the anarchists have no organ. We print the other side." Ovshinsky is planning a long career in journalism. "I intend to be publishing this paper," he says, "when I am 35."

Crown Room
GENTLEMEN'S HAIRSTYLING
5033 Lankershim Blvd.
at Woodruff's (upstairs)
North Hollywood, Calif. 762-4111

Barber Shoppe
Blow your minds at our SUPER SALE!
Sept. 4th through 11th.
HANDCRAFTED ORIGINALS.
11 a.m. - 6 p.m.
207 Ocean Front
Venice - 399-9464

sandal maker
also makes
BELTS & BAGS
1093¼ Broxton
Westwood, L.A. 24
473-9549

WANTED: Chanteuse w/guitar, dramatic voice, to build Piaf-type repertoire. Call SONGWRITER. HO 7-7505

THE PEANUTBUTTER CONSPIRACY IS SPREADING EVERYWHERE.

Use this ad as your order blank — Mark your order beside those you want.

Say it With Giant 8½" Fluorescent Fire Orange and Neon Red

BUMPERSTICKERS!

50c each

3 for $1.00!

NOTE - These bumperstickers are on sale at the Free Press Office at 5903 Melrose Avenue

	Quantity		Quantity	
VOTE YES ON NO		BUMPERSTICKER		If you can read this, you're too close.
TWO'S COMPANY • • • THREE'S an ORGY		START THE DAY WITH A SMILE and get it over with		GINSBERG IS A NEO-CLASSICIST
THE FUZZ IS YOUR FRIEND		FAMILIARITY BREEDS		USE EROGENOUS ZONE NUMBERS
IF YOU DRIVE DON'T DRINK you might hit a bump and spill some		CHASTE MAKES WASTE		HUGH HEFFNER IS A VIRGIN Philosophically Speaking
STAMP OUT BUMPERSTICKERS		ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM IS THE ONLY "ISM" FOR ME		COME CLOSER AND I'LL KISS YOU
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE Bribe A Cop Today		STAMP OUT REALITY		PRAY FOR SEX
HIRE THE MORALLY HANDICAPPED		When in Doubt RUN		HAPPINESS ISN'T EVERYTHING It Won't Buy Money
Visit Your Mother Today maybe she hasn't had any problems lately		HELP STAMP OUT SPANISH DANCING Watusi Si, Flamenco No		If at first you don't succeed. . . CHEAT

PRAY FOR SURF

Expedience is the best teacher

HELP FIGHT NECROPHELIA stay out of cemeteries after dark

THE MAIL ROOM, c/o The Los Angeles Free Press, 5903 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, California 90038

Please send me the Bumperstickers marked above for which I enclose $ _____

NAME _____

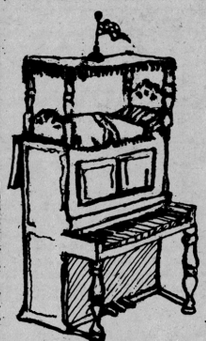
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Enclose Check, Cash or Money Order — Sorry, No C.O.D.'s.

PIANO-BED
(UNCLASSIFIABLE #101)

This is a Piano-Bed.
It has a top that can be pulled down, sealing the piano like a box. It is very much like Dracula's bed. It is also very womb-like.



A very special kind of freak sleeps in a piano-bed. This particular piano belongs to a freak who loves his piano like nothing else. He digs the freak first and the piano second. In the long run however, the image of the freak and the piano become one because neither exist without the other. This strange twosome have forgotten their first Spring, they do not titillate when Bubble-Up goes up their nose anymore. Their life is very lonely I think. The strange thing is, they laugh a lot. They do not laugh with joy, they laugh with fear; fear laughs with them.
It is very dark inside that piano-bed.....

To the Real Jim Gallagher of Berkeley S.P. - please call Betsy Ross at the L.A. FREE PRESS

Attn: girls who do not like to sleep alone: good-looking 22 yr old white male grad student ucla seeks white good-looking sexy female to share his w.l.a. apt. all expenses paid (naturally). call Ralph. 391-4689

Be a physique model. Good looks and average or muscular build is all that's necessary. $15-20/hr. For info write El Sol Productions, Dept. 842, 6311 Yucca, LA 90028

LEARN TO POT

fall classes beginning and intermediate in wheel thrown pottery, begin Sept 19th. Call Dr. Stoneware at the Pot Shop, 324 Sunset Avenue, Venice, EX 9-9714, afternoons and evenings.

Espionage agents wanted (m or f) to work, sans pay, infiltrating rightist groups. Write New West Magazine, P.O. box 2125, Santa Monica 90405

CORBETT MANOR FOR SALE. 14 room mountain villa, $15,500. Moat, drawbridge, stained glass, etc. Try it for 7 days, if not completely satisfied, no obligation to buy. 850 Woodland Drive, Sierra Madre Canyon

FREE RENT in a new highrise for a bedable female lover. Call J. Bailey 479-1324

WRITING, EDITING AND RESEARCH. ARTICLES, STORIES, BOOKS, REPORTS. PHONE: HO 5-1518

PHOTOGRAPHER (pro) seeks model. Interesting or offbeat 'type' more important than beauty. Recent snap, phone, & note to: PHOTO/S, box 3881, L.A. 90054

REICHIAN THERAPY

Dr. Hill, VE-8-9866/OL 7-2410

. . . and you still won't know what's happening, Mr. Jones . . . unless you subscribe!!!

Beatnik woman, rock & blues drummer with psychedelic beat wants to groove with experienced group of hip long-haired men or beatnik women who are aiming at the top and know how to get there. 454-3222

MYSTERY WOMAN — Looked everywhere for you since your disappearance in May. Your sincerity, critical insight, mystical sensuality — miracle to my painting. Bill — — — — — — — — 657-0692

HAVE WAGON — WILL TRAVEL AND WORK:
MOVING HELP; CHAUFFEURING; DELIVERIES; ETC.
CALL HOWARD WE 1-8880
9-11 a. m. 6-9 p. m.

LET'S LEGALIZE POT
Free info. for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Post Office Box 57981-S, L.A. Calif. 90057.

Blow your mind behind wiggy pot posters. send $1 each to EPIM, 403 N. Niagara Street, Burbank, California 91505.

Party - Sat. 9/10, 121 S. Robertson, Bev. Hills, 1/2 blk so. of Wilshr Bl — 7:30 to? Dancing, food, refreshments. $1.00. Call Walter, 467-3725 or Rene, 473-5684.

Poet-painter wants young man with art interests to share studio. low rent, 1705 Kenmore after 8 pm

Alfie Mother needs you. 283-0125

Looking for real live genuine bona fide nympho. Call 798-4793 or write P.O. 111-C, Pasadena, Cal.

FREE PRESS STAFF MEMBERS need cast-off furniture for new pad. Beat up beds, tables, chairs, bureaus. A COUCH? Not entirely adverse to paying something. Call Dave 463-2306

Lovable, Van Nuys man needs free thinking woman (18-30) for party dates, or to share large, air cond. home, secluded swimming pool. Child OK. Phone 899-3257 evenings.

Just returning from Europe. Want girlfriend to age 38 — marriage not impossible. 626-3055

Old med books, science fiction, etc. Also '57 Buick with lots of new things. OR 7-9030

ONCE upon a time there was a Papa Ankh, a Mama Ankh, and a Baby Ankh. Get them at ANTRANIG'S OLDE BURNT LEATHERSMITH SHOPPE & GALLERY. 4" Papa ankh, 2" Mama ankh, 3/4" Baby ankh (smallest in the world). In bronze & silver for earrings, noserings or around your hips. Also a dozen very rare genuine antique "granny glasses" and weird antique things, handmade earrings, & the largest *Tarantula spider in L.A., live! Handmade custom sandals, bags, belts & paddles.
Visit ye unique shoppe of this city for your trip. An olde world leathersmith shoppe right from the 18th century (or Disneyland?). *Whose bite supposedly gives you Tarantism which causes you to — (see dictionary).
Antranig's Leathersmith Shop
370 N. La Cienega Blvd.

PSYCHODRAMA-FRIDAYS-9 pm Not For Everyone 387-2851

Bongo-congas instr.pvt.874-1044

Women who cannot have children and do not desire to have them are not easy to find. They don't usually like to talk about it. I seek such a woman. I am 33, college grad, divorced. I desire a wife but not a family. Serious - will answer sincere letters. Ray, P.O. Box 25254, W. Los Angeles (for privacy in this matter).

Good souls wanted to join the "Boost the L.A. Free Press" — Advertising Program. Use the phone — help turn on the community to the L.A.F.P. If you want to help, call Jack Osborn. HO 3-2306

UNCLASSIFIED BAG UNCLASSIFIED BAG UNCLASSIFIED BAG UNCLASSIFIED BAG UNCL

ALL UNCLASSIFIED must be paid in advance by mail or personal delivery to the FREE PRESS OFFICE.
DEADLINE IS MONDAY AT 5 P.M.

SEND TO: UNCLASSIFIED BAG- 5903 Melrose Ave L.A. Calif. 90038

Name
Address
Phone number

COPY

UNCLASSIFIED costs 50¢ per line per week. Figure 31 units per line. Every single letter fills a unit. A space between words is a unit, punctuation marks are units, a number is a unit. Figure 27 units per line for any line which includes a word or words in CAPITAL LETTERS. Be not too obscure in thy abbreviations.

My ad has———lines. At 50¢ a line for one week I enclose ———. For ——— weeks I enclose ———
(Check, cash or money order.)

(We reserve the right to edit or reject material which may jeopardize our existence.)

Circular Coffee Tables, Custom, Cheap. OR 7-9030

WANTED. Punch - Playboy - Esquire mags. Julie, Fifth Estate

Room to rent: Share pool and kitchen. Near Valley Jr. College. Female student or retired woman. PO 6-4014

Leaf, shrub, star, and meadow grass, cease your tremorous shimmering and listen to Carolya's heart. It sings, it sings. — G

My sweet chocolate baby welcome home from ELKO. Best of luck opening in Vegas. I love you. F.B. Shan

NIGHT EMPLOYMENT needed by highly enthusiastic Director of Studio Watts Workshop, in order to keep the Studio open. Call Jim Woods at LO 6-9184 or CA 2-3019

HIBEEJAYTOY

Nead muney two further educashun. send all contributions to Mike Jacobs, 619 Euclid St. Santa Monica 90402 (deadline Sept. 18)

Volunteers wanted to do research on tax exempt church properties in Los Angeles County. M. Katz WE 3-7810 eves.

Negro family wants to rent 2 bdr apt. or house near UCLA. Serious calls only PLEASE. If child ans. leave message — 733-5808.

Speed - Reading: (Also poetry & remedial reading) take home a record and a tape cut by your speech. Millie. Call (office) MA 3-4768

BUTTONS, BUTTONS —
WE HAVE BUTTONS!!!
POLLY GLOTZ
1026 1/8 N. Western
L.A. 29, California

Negro He-Man wants bedable serious females only. WE 3-5056

THE SOUND MACHINE
IS CUMING

FREAKS: Know For What You Go. Watch for "The Mushroom Cloud" Happening!!! Sept. 24th. Freedom Draft Movement. Call 263-4090/ 666-0145 LEVI

PERFECT for a beginner: one Federal 2-1/4 x 3-1/4 diffusion enlarger with f/6.3 antistigmatic lense. Clean and in good shape — $20.00. 662-6000 before 10 am.

Wanted: Hip young chick who loves children to live in, care for 3 boys, ages 1, 2 & 3. House, salary $25/ week. Private room & bath. Dick Curtis, 1336 Electric, Venice.

Prosperous bachelor, 24, seeks groovy bedable female roommate 18-25 to share large apt. in H'wood, occasional trips, etc. for mutual benefit. No. Jokers please. 671-7401 between 2 am and 3 pm.

SPIRITUAL READER AND ADVISOR
Advise in Love, Marriage & Business. Private Consultation Card Readings & Spiritual Readings. WE 4-8555

It's Happening Every Night At Maverick's Flat. 295-0388

Apt. wanted by desperate Free Presser who appreciates privacy & green growing things to look out windows at — 1 bdr., unfur. but with stove, refrig, either car-port or garage (for storage of bike & trailer). Los Feliz — Silverlake area. Call Eric at L.A.F.P. 463-4950

Oppressed by legal problems? Unite to Solve! Write details & self-add., stamped envelope. Social Research Assoc. 334 N. Central Ave., Rm 211, Glendale, Cal.

Two girls want ride (free or almost) from New York to L.A. Contact Mary Gallagher, Box 294, Miller Place, New York 11764

CONSCIOUSNESS - EXPANDING JEWELLRY. FARIDA. 273-3421

Help buy radio 'spot' time to defeat PROP. 16. Send ten, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty dollars to Constitutional Liberty League of So. Calif., P.O.Box 24282, L.A. 90024

Sincere, intelligent, stable guy wants sincere, discreet, cognizant girl as guide for his first trip. You set the terms. Prime consideration: A GOOD TRIP. 372-2307 after 6. Ask for John.

BASS GUITAR avail. nights rock, folk, blues etc. Barry - LU 3-5962

Wanted For Permanent Loan (or instant relief of overburden): Just moved to closer but nearly empty home, need floor coverings — desperately. Other things (lamps, bedding, chairs, all beautiful Miscellaneous) — more than desperately. A happy house not devoid of character, just furniture and funds. Please call the flagmaker at the Free Press.

PSYCHEDELIC PEOPLE (all ages, sexes, races). We ran an ad about community living, and 95% of the people who called were men who wanted to get involved sexually. Clarification: if you're interested in a permanent HOME, living in a stimulating, creative environment with loving, turned-on people — call us about our community-living project. We think sex is groovy; however, we are just as interested in other things: mainly stimulating, encouraging and supporting one-another to release the creativity latent in each of us — we welcome children, dogs, The Mothers, The Beatles, artists, electronic geniuses, mandalas, etc. Bill, Hope, or Dan 254-8351

Psychedelic Lighting for parties, happenings, dances - rent, sell, install, & live performances. Also "Colorsound." Dr. Hill VE 8-9866 or OL 7-2410

Man 25 wants to meet a free-thinking woman for love and companionship. No gimmicks. Nick 464-8020

Groovy Yamaha 80, '65, near new, mod, great for marauding. Call VE 8-0809 or 399-7925

Need ride to Mont Jazz Fest Sept 14 or 15. Share exp. Frankie Shames, 479-9079 or 479-9840

Time out for a conservative non-freakish evening-plus?? Guy, 25, wants to wine, dine & bed someone beautiful in heels - maybe long term prospects. 391-0817

SINGERS WANTED: Auditions for jazz choir. Call Jim — WE 4-8691

I'm looking for Blue Chip and S&H Green Stamps — will pay cash, any quantity. BR 2-1828

24 HR answering service efficient & confidential - $9 per mo. CR 8-0400

Coldspot refridgerator, crosstop freezer, $50. 845-7706, eves.

"The Contemporary Production of Greek Drama," by H.D.F. Kitto in the current issue of the Pacific Review. $1.00. Open City Book Store, 5903 Melrose Avenue.

TINKER'S DAMN

GIRLS WANTED for nude photo modeling. No experience necessary. Mr. Crowley, 388-8140

Young woman to cater parties: exquisite food with psychedelic air — 657-4130. Patricia

PHOTOGRAPHER
actors and models composites; children; 35 mm. candid portraits. Reasonable rates. 392-1631

HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER

ELSON-ROBYNS GALLERY
FRUCTATES
1016-1/2 No. Fairfax. OL 4-6022

Fahey is back East collecting

YACHTSWOMEN wanted for bachelor cruise to Catalina week of Sept 19th, unattached, btw 26 and 35. Call for interview: 664-1883

Go-Go dancers & waitress 18-21. Costumes. Apply — Gunk Shop, 12131 Atlantic, Lynwood, at midnight

SCULPTOR seeks SCULPTRESS. Aim: mutual inspiration. 789-2568

furn pool with prof male aged 30&1 stud city 75mo 769? 8252

CAROL KENT!
Call Bob & Faye, 874-0321

Nice guy 26 divorced would like to meet nice girl — CR 5-7658

Mexico City bound next week in new VW camper. I speak Spanish and know the country. 935-3290, eves.

HANDSOME LAD 26 needs a little LASS who is intelligent, uninhibited & beautiful. Object fun. Call 274-9078 after 9 pm

1955 MG TF-1500 — Cherry. Pvt. Party, 981-2446 or 789-2568.

INSURANCE Difficulties? Call Silbermintz. HO 6-4485

Sterile male, 35, desires personable & attractive playmate btw. 20-30. After 9 pm, 372-6643.

TO 'ANONYMOUS' — WE CAN'T RUN YOUR AD — PLEASE COME GET YOUR HALF-BUCK. E.M.

PARKS LIVES PARKS LIVES

Bob Parks Is Somewhere
Watching
Forever
Somewhere

Morpheus needs bedable Deer Chihuahua (dog, that is). Call 355-6636 after 6 pm

J.O. — Your talk was good, your action fair, but no tame grey wolf can ride a wild black mare. Glory

Twelve-String $200.00 761-1067

LEATHER FETISH?
ANTRANIG'S
OLDE WORLDE
LEATHERSMITHE SHOPPE
Eager apprentice to Leathersmith wanted to learn business & take over shoppe. Learn about sandals, purses, most anything of leather. Learn how to work with furs also, and to make jewelry & earrings. 370 N. La Cienega Bl.

THE FREE PRESS NOW HAS FOUR PHONES. IF YOU HAVE BEEN DISCOURAGED IN THE PAST BY THE CONSTANT BUSY SIGNAL TRY HO 3-2306. MAKE OUR BUTTONS LIGHT UP

"NO on 16"
bumperstickers: 2/$1, 10/$2, 100/$10, 500/$30, 1000/$50. Constitutional Liberty League of Southern Calif. (CLLSC) P.O.Box 24282, Los Angeles 90024.

Chicago bound Need straight-thru ride. Share expenses. Call 379-0664, evenings.

I want masseuse for weekly treatments. Call Rafael. 938-2133

PERFECT GIFT!!!
A sterling silver roach holder, includes leather stash pouch, $10. ZEIDLER & ZEIDLER, LTD. 1611 S. Western
1448 N. Crescent Heights

HELP NEEDED from fans of the c-o-l-o-r film on the Pleasure Faire, in the form of a loan ($150-$400) for a final answer print, internegative and one or two release prints. Object: commercial sale. Contact Gary Taylor, AT NO 2-9038 — 24 hrs. (Unctuous answering device (?-)

WORRIED about your military obligations? "Draft Facts" is a Must reading for every young man who does not wish to interrupt his education & job. For a complete listing of deferrment opportunities & other helpful advice, send $2 to DRAFT FACTS, PO Box 25108FP, L.A. 90025.

House for rent: lge part. furn. 2 bdr. with big yard, plants. $95/mo to right person. Silverlake Area. No dogs. 665-3047 after 6 pm

Groovy furn. pad, Studio City. Quiet, private, air-cond. Limited cooking facilities. Solvent cat or chick only. $70 mo. inc. util. 769-5944 eves

Humanist International Theatre is casting HAMLET X, set in Africa today. Need all talents. H.I.T. Box 3524, Beverly Hills

HUMANISTIC — EXISTENTIAL PSYCHOTHERAPY. State Licensed Human Relations Consultant. Dr. Edmund W. Raab, WE 8-1813 or WE 4-0477

Sincere, personable, employed social sicence type, 29, (Harvard grad) seeks friendly patron and/ or conservative liberal, attractive Wellesley-type girl for creative intellectual social endeavors. GR 9-6573

One Stop Maintenance
APTS - HOMES - OFFICES — gen'l cleaning, painting, wall wash'g, flr. polishing. Complete moving. A-1 work. 757-2057 or 757-0645

ATTENTION LANDLORDS!
We will advertise your apartment, room, house, et cetera, for rent for TWO WEEKS, FREE OF CHARGE so you can see what kind of response an ad in the L.A. Free Press will bring. Send your copy (up to three lines) to the "Unclassified Bag," 5903 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90038

"Pussy L'Amour and the Three Bears," an unexpurgated spoof on the James Bond, Blaise syndrome. 50¢. Open City Book Store, 5903 Melrose Avenue at Cahuenga Blvd. PUSSY L'AMOUR AND THE THREE BEARS: "A book you'll never forget. Miss Whatshername is the most amazing female in modern fiction." — Granville Hix

REVEREND BOB ALEXANDER, O.M., has open schedule for unusual wedding ceremonies. Also, limited time available for consultation & healing. Phone Zack Walsh at 474-3762 for appt.

KERISTA — from now on, watch next page for meetings. Anyone interested in Kerista, the life affirming religion, send $1 for info to P.O.Box 34708, L.A. 90034

Male jazz buff seeks groovy, slender, intellectual female for Monterey Jazz Festival Sept 16, 17, 18. All expenses paid for. Write Gatsby, P.O.Box 413 — Sausalito, California

SKIN DISORDERS
Dr. K. E. Spencer, D.C.
HO 6-7347
By appointment only

Drums for sale - $150 - 454-3222

'58 Chevy, 6 cylind., stick, good cond. 467-1037. Mike!

HAY VOLUNTARIOS?
The L.A.F.P. Needs YOU!!!!!! Especially on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday (Thursday & Friday we won't turn you away either). We are still located at 5903 Melrose (1 dr. west of Cahuenga). Vayase Vds.

Discussion, action, parties, fun, games group for all. Write Box 574, Hollywood 90028.

EVO invites you to send advance notice of your activities for possible listing in its internationally renowned calendar of kooks, freaks, and weird happenings. Send to The East Village Other, 147 Ave. A., N.Y., N.Y. 10009

KEEP OFF THE STREETS — STAY OUT OF TROUBLE
(Go to the events listed in our Calendar)

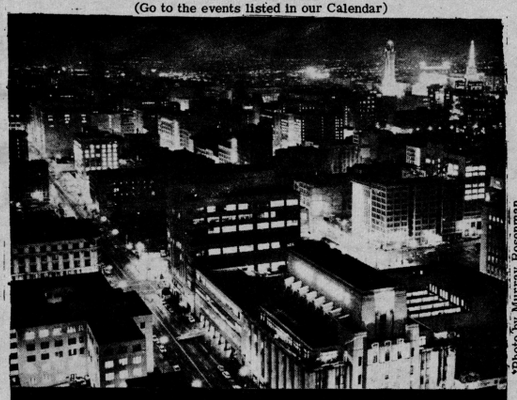


Photo by Murray Rosenman

Around Town

"AROUND TOWN" — the Calendar of the Free Press is a FREE Public Service provided by the paper. The Calendar is assembled Monday afternoon, and all entries should be in by Monday noon. If it's happening, or you hear about it happening — send the information in and we will announce it here. We can't announce the things we don't know about! — Eric

FRI., SEPT. 9

SPONTANEOUS SOUND: Midnight at the Cinema Theatre, 1122 No. Western Ave., Hollywood. See Ad, page 7, for details. 9/9

LECTURE: "Living Forms in Space and CounterSpace" by Miss Olive Whicher of the Goethean Science Foundation, Cient, England. 8:15 pm, $1.00, presented by the Anthroposophical Society in America, 240 So. Normandie Avenue. 9/9

SLIDE ILLUSTRATED TALK: "Non-Sensualism" a critical analysis of today's architecture by Craig Elwood, designer. Presented by the Architectural Panel, 8:15 pm, $1.00, public invited. Bing Theatre, L.A. County Museum of Art, 5905 Wilshire Boulevard. 9/9

LECTURE: "General Semantics and the Bi-Lingual World of Schizophrenia," by Edward Lyons. 8 pm at the AIAA Hall, 7660 Beverly Blvd., sponsored by the L.A. Chapter of the Society for General Semantics. $2.00 guests, members free.

LECTURE: "Pornography, Censorship, and the CLEAN Amendment," by Everett Moore, board member of ACLU. Discussion, refreshments & social. Sponsored by the Round Table (Single Adults 25-45) 8:30 pm at 6727 Drexel Ave. 9/9

LECTURE: "The Colors In Your Life," by Bertha Sale. "Learn how color can excite your emotions, change your blood pressure, and tranquilize the disturbances in everyday affairs." (OH Yeah?) 8 pm at the Anderson Research Center, 437 No. Kenmore Avenue, Los Angeles. 9/9

FOLK (?) MUSIC: Jim Kweskin & The Jug Band, plus blues artist Memphis Slim open for 1 week at the Ash Grove, 8162 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. OL 3-2070

DEBATE: "What is CLEAN?" with William Shearer, state campaign director of CLEAN, Ed Cray (ACLU) & moderator Dave Roberti, California Deputy Att'y General. 8 pm, Free, at the Musicians Union Hall, 817 Vine Street, Hollywood.

LECTURE: "Treasure of the Huntington Library," by Dr. Edwin A. Carpenter, So. Calif. Genealogical Society, 612 So. Flower Street, 2nd floor. 7:30 pm. 9/9

READING: "The Zoo Story," Morie Schulham and Harry Cohn. 10:30 pm at Rowena's Gallery, 3043 Rowena Avenue, Silverlake. $1.50. Call 666-8797 for more details. 9/9

SAT., SEPT 10

KERISTA GATHERING: Mass gala beach party; Venice Beach at Brooks Avenue. 2 pm. Look for the sign of the Ankh. 9/10

OPENING of "Spanish Expressionists" Giovanella, Guevara, and Frexas at the Simon Patrick Galleries. See "ART" listings for details. 9/10

PARTY: Fund Raiser for the Freedom Draft Movement. 10 pm, $1.00 donation, at 1032 W. Temple. Call 629-8023/ 263-4090 for information. 9/10

PARTY: Benefit thrown by the committee to free Morton Sobell. "Fun With Folk Music," original and traditional songs of Freedom, Peace, Satire. Door prizes & refreshments. 8 pm, $1.00, 970 So. Saint Andrews Place. 9/10

ART SHOW & AUCTION: The Valley Peace Center Art Show & Silent Auction will be held today from 4-10 pm at Pacifica Gallery, 615 No. Fairfax Ave. Outstanding L.A. artists have donated paintings, pots, prints, etc. Buffet supper, woodwind ensemble, folk singing. $2.00.

PARTY: "The 7th Son," sponsored by the Freedom Draft Movement. Light show, Beatles (recorded, I guess) Dylan (ditto, ditto). 10 pm, donation $1.00, 1032-1/2 West Temple. For Further Information call 629-8023 or 263-4090.

LECTURE: "The Controversial Wilhelm Reich, M.D.," by Dr. Henry Hill. 8 pm at the Anderson Research Center, 437 No. Kenmore Avenue, L.A. 9/10

PARTY: (Hey Gang... It's Party Time!) This one sponsored by The Progressive Young Democrats. Dancing, food, liquid (they pour...) refreshments, 7:30 pm to? 121 So. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills. Donation $1.00, Free to those who join the PYD. 9/10

MOVIES 'ROUND MIDNIGHT: The films of Peter Kubelka, plus chapter 4 of Dick Tracy. The Cinema Theatre, 1122 North Western Avenue. 467-5787. 9/10

CONCERT: Burbank Symphony Orchestra, 8:15 pm, Burbank Starlight Bowl, Stough Park, Burbank. 842-4886. 9/10

JAZZ: The Mike Craden Ensemble, 9:30 pm at Rowena's Gallery, 3043 Rowena Avenue, Silverlake. $1.50. Call 666-8797 for details. 9/10

MOVIES: The Nocturnal Cinema. Around Midnight. Tonight: "A Psychedelic Voyage Through Film," a group of short films to open the mind. At the Unicorn Theatre, 7456 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla, Calif. $1.50, members $1.00. 9/10

REGISTRATION DRIVES: SEE "OTHER EVENTS" listings for details. 9/10

ANOTHER PARTYYYYYYYYY: "A FUN FLING," games, food, and (the best part) frivolities! Meet lots of interesting people (who are interested in meeting interesting people... fun, games, and... frivolities!) Sponsored by the Single Young Adults Circle, 1347 No. Vista, in Garage Rec. Room. (Between Santa Monica Sunset). For further info call 876-6549. 9/10

RADIO: The Jane Weebly Show??? Sheer Madness on KPFK (90.7 fm) at 11 pm.

SUN., SEPT. 11

Chamber Music CONCERT: The Schoenfeld Trio performing Op. 90 by Dvorak, and Trio No. 2 by Finney. 2:30 pm, Free, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History Auditorium, 900 Exposition Blvd. 9/11

Eden West SEMINAR: "Attention," directed by Eric Clough. Become aware of yourself and your relationship to others. Two half-day sessions with the afternoon session being held in the nude. $10.00 for full day (bring your own picnic lunch). For reservations write to Eden West, 1000 Alba Road, Ben Lomond, California 9/11

Opening Reception for two EXHIBITS: "Ceramics: Design & Production," and UCLA Art Faculty, Art On Paper." 2-4 pm, Public is Invited. Refreshments will be served. At the Long Beach Museum of Art, 2300 East Ocean Blvd., Long Beach. GE 9-2110. 9/11

KERISTA GATHERING II: Venice beach party thing — like yesterday's. For those who couldn't make it yesterday, or for those who did & just gotta have more. Venice beach at Brooks Avenue. 2 pm. 9/11

LECTURE: "Projective Geometry and the Sense of Wonder" by Miss Olive Whicher. 8:15 pm, $1.00, at the Anthroposophical Society in America, 240 So. Normandie. 9/11

CORE Civil Rights Strike RALLY against North American Aviation. 3 pm, Elks Hall, 4016 So. Central, Los Angeles. 9/11

LECTURE & SLIDES: "Atheist Visits the Holy Land." A talk and slides about a world tour by Vincent Runyon, former New York City pastor and author of "Why I Left the Ministry." Free, 2 pm at/by the Secularist Society, 715 Parkview Street (near 7th). 9/11

ART MART: 10 am to 4 pm. See "ART" listings for details. 9/11

"SUNDAY AT THE BOWL," a festival of Music, Art, and Photography. 10 am to 5 pm, Free, Hollywood Bowl, 2301 North Highland Avenue.

FILMS & COMMENTARY: Ray House, motion picture expert and extensive traveller will show color films with talk on "Camera Safari Through Africa." 4 pm at the East-West Cultural Center, 2865 West 9th Street. DU-6-0999. 9/11

FLEA MARKET: Come trip on a Summer Day — All kinds of goodies for sale: Pottery, earrings, leather, furniture, posters, stitchery, paper mache; starts at 10 am in the AIAA parking lot, 7660 Beverly Blvd. 9/11

PARTY-Notes From Underground Collating Party, 2nd issue (Psychedelic Cookbook number). Lots of wine and work. Real recipes .5422 Carlton Way near Western and Hollywood. Noon on. Sunday.

DISCUSSION: "Your Broken Romance — Hindsight & Insight," by Dr. Ronald Mintz, psychiatrist. Discussion, socializing & dancing. Sponsored by the Round Table (Single Adults 25-45). 8 pm at the Fish Shanty, corner 4th and La Cienega.

CONCERT: "Bach and Handel with Improvised Ornaments and Rhythm," featuring Sol Babitz — baroque violin, Mildred Portney — harpsichord, Robert Barnes — Viol de Gamba. 4 pm at Plummer Park, 7377 Santa Monica Blvd.

LECTURE: "How to Spot the Disturbed Person," by Kurt Kurdi. 8 pm at the Anderson Research Center, 437 North Kenmore, L.A. 9/11

PARTY: A combination barbecue and cocktail party sponsored by the Beverly Hills Young Democrats, food, refreshments & dancing. From 5 to 10 pm, 807 No. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills. $1.00 members, $2.00 non-menbers. 9/11

CONCERT: Chamber Music: Bach to Cage. John McAllister at Rowena's Gallery, 3043 Rowena Avenue, Silverlake. Call 666-8797 for details. $1.50. 9/11

REGISTRATION DRIVES: SEE "OTHER EVENTS" listings for details. 9/11

FILM: "The Hangman," award winning short film by Maurice Ogden. 12:45 pm at the College Center, First Unitarian Church, 2936 West 8th Street. (ages 18 to 29 only). 9/11

JAZZ: Chico Hamilton, 8:30 at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. One performance only. 9/11

MON., SEPT. 12

BALLET: West Coast debut of the Harkness Ballet Co., presenting "Sarabande," "Sebastian," "Time Out of Mind," "Canto Indio," and "After Eden." At the Greek Theatre, Griffith Park. NO 3-3936. 9/12

AHEM! Today is the opening of W. J. Sloane's 123rd Founder's Day Sale. So ... if you're in the market for a Founders Day, or just want to steep in tradition — be on hand at 9 am for the best selection. 9560 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills (Hint: Bring MONEY). 9/12

OPENING: Exhibit — "The Negro in American Art" at UCLA's Dickson Art Center. See "ART" listings for details.

MEETING: The Orchid Society of Southern California will meet tonight, 7:30 pm in the lounge & auditorium of the L.A. County Museum of Natural History at 900 Exposition Blvd., L.A. 9/12

LECTURE & SLIDES: Miss Olive Whicher, of the Goethean Science Foundation will speak on "Movement in Water, In Man, and In Universe," at 8:15 pm, 240 South Normandie Ave. Presented by the Anthroposophical Society in America. (Los Angeles Branch.) Donation $1.00. 9/12

EXHIBIT; "The Artist Looks At Himself" opens today at UCLA. See "ART" listings for details. 9/12

TSVIA ALMOG, folk singer-dancer; Eldad pe'ery, accordian. Traditional folk songs, drums & dances of Isreal and Yemen. 8:30 pm at the Ice House, 24 N. Mentor Ave., Pasadena. 9/12

TUES., SEPT. 13

LECTURE: "New Pathways in Weight Control," by L.F. Lewis, a philosophical and psychological approach. 8:30 pm, $1.00, at Valley Cities Jewish Community Center, 13164 Burbank Blvd., ST 6-6310. 9/13

DEBATE ON VIETNAM: Mr. Robert Lawrence, former member of state department mission to Vietnam, pro-administration policy; Dr. John M. Taurek, UCLA University Committee on Vietnam, anti-administration; Eugene S. Mornell, L.A. City Commission on Human Relations, moderator. 8 pm at Clover Avenue Elementary School, 11020 Clover Ave., W. Los Angeles (near Sepulveda and National Blvds.) 9/13

SEMANTICS WORKSHOP: "Brief Workshop in General Semantics," (tonight & for the next three Tuesdays) by Dr. L.O. Anderson. $8.00 for the four sessions. 8 pm at the Anderson Research Center, 437 No. Kenmore Avenue, L.A. 9/13

BALLET: Harkness Ballet Company at the Greek Theatre, Griffith Park. See yesterday's listings for details. 9/13

PLAY: "Hostile Witness" opens tonight at the Hartford Theatre. See "THEATRE" listings for details. 9/13

WED., SEPT. 14

GARBO FESTIVAL REELS ON at the Esquire & Los Feliz theatres. "Anna Karenina," co-feature "Min & Bill." See "FLICKS" listings for details. 9/14

RENE HEREDIA, flamenco guitarist performing compositions by Terrega, Castellon, Serrapi, Escudero, Heredia, flamenco rhythms, improvisations, etc. 8:30 pm at Century City Playhouse, 10508 W. Pico Boulevard. 9/14

BALLET: Harkness Ballet Company at the Greek Theatre, Griffith Park. Call NO 3-3936. Program II: "Capers," "Abyss," "Macumba," and "Canto Indio." Today & Tomorrow. 9/14

ART EXHIBIT: Opening of "Art Israel: 26 Painters & Sculptors" at Barnsdall Park. See "ART" listings for details.

THURS., SEPT. 15

LISTEN FOR THE L.A.F.P. CALENDAR BROADCAST OVER KLAC (570) EACH EACH AND EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON — AROUND 2:45 pm. (9/15)

BALLET: The Harkness Ballet Company at the Greek Theatre, Griffith Park. See Yesterday's listings for program details.

FRI., SEPT. 16

LECTURE, with slides & tapes: "Life Enhancement: Oriental vs Occidental" by Dr. L.O. Anderson. Dr. Anderson will talk on how life enhancement practices in Japan differ from those of the West, including Zen Macrobiotics, acupuncture, moxibustion, and geisha girls (geisha girls?). 8 pm at the Anderson Research Center, 437 No. Kenmore Avenue. 9/16

BALLET: Harkness Ballet Company at the Greek Theatre, Griffith Park. NO 3-3936. PROGRAM III: "After Eden," "Highland Fair," "Time Out of Mind," and "Feast of Ashes." Today and Tomorrow. 9/16

SAT., SEPT. 17

FREAK OUT—with the MOTHERS OF INVENTION and Little Gary Ferguson, plus the West Coast Experimental Pop Art Band plus Count Five plus the FACTORY plus the L.A. HEAT in person doing all your favorite numbers. Tickets on sale at all Mutual Agencies, and the So. Cal. Music Co. Age 18 with I.D. Adm. $3. See sundry ads this issue. Shrine Exposition Hall (Exposition off-ramp Harbor Fwy.)

CONCERT: Guy Carawan will present an evening of Southern Freedom Songs, blues, protest songs, Sea Island Folk Songs, spirituals & children's songs. 7:30 pm at the Universalist-Unitarian Church, 3657 Lemon Street, Riverside. Donation $1.00 (which will go to Mr. Carawan to help him continue with his important contributions to the Civil Rights struggle in the South). 9/17

MOVIES 'ROUND MIDNIGHT: "Deux Voix," "The Terror of Tiny Town," and THEFINALCONCLUDINGENDING of Dick Tracy! The Cinema Theatre, 1122 No. Western Avenue, 467-5787. 9/17

LECTURE: "How Does Johrei Work?" by Rev. A.T. Freeman. 8 pm at the Anderson Research Center, 437 No. Kenmore Ave.

BALLET: Harkness Ballet Company at the Greek Theatre, Griffith Park. Call NO 3-3936. See yesterday's listings for program information. 9/17

DANCE: Roland and Reid Dance Revue. 8:15 pm, Burbank Starlight Bowl, Stough Park, Burbank. 842-4886. 9/17

OPEN HOUSE AT SYNANON, beginning at 8 pm. Phone in advance for reservations — 394-0224. 9/17

MOVIES: The Nocturnal Cinema (around midnight) presents "Some Like It Hot." At the Unicorn Theater, 7456 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla, California. 9/17

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: It's Happening Here... Now! Gigantic Cross Burning and KKK Rally. 7 pm on Capra Road off Soledad Canyon Road. For more information, if you want it... write/contact Rev. William V. Fowler, P.O. Box 312, La Crescenta, California. 9/17

SUN., SEPT. 18

CONCERT: The Coppin Ensemble performs Brahms "Piano Quartet in Cm," and D. Holdin's "Piano Quintet." 2:30 p.m. free at the L.A. County Museum of Natural History Auditorium. 900 Exposition Blvd., L.A. 9/18

LECTURE: Dr. Framroze Bode, Zoroastrian High Priest of Bombay will speak on "Impressions and Highlights of India in 1966." The observations he made on his very recent trip through India. 4 pm at the East-West Cultural Center, 2865 West 9th Street. Call DU 6-0999. 9/18

ART MART: 10 am to 4 pm. See "ART" listings for details. 9/18

PSYCHODRAMA Demonstration, by Dr. L.O. Anderson. 5 pm at the Anderson Research Center, 437 No. Kenmore Ave. Coffee-social will follow. 9/18

"SUNDAY AT THE BOWL" — See last Sunday's listings for details.

ART

EXHIBIT: "Japanese Art" at the Otis Art Institute. Through October 23. ce/a

EXHIBIT: The Negro in American Art. A major exhibition of historical & contemporary works of American Negro painters and sculptors. At UCLA, Dickson Art Center Galleries, BR 2-8911. 12-5 pm Monday thru Friday, 1:30 to 5 pm Sunday from September 12 to October 16. ce/a

EXHIBIT: "The Artist Looks At Himself," a survey of the development of self portraiture in graphic art with examples from the early 16th century to the present. Presented by the Grunwald Graphic Arts Foundation at UCLA in Dickson Art Galleries. September 12 to October 16. Artists represented include Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Goya, and Matisse. ce/a

EXHIBIT: ART ISRAEL: 26 painters and sculptors — a crystallization of cultural life in modern Israel, organized by N.Y.'s Museum of Modern Art. At Barnsdall Park, 1-9 pm Tuesday thru Friday, 1-5 pm Saturday & Sunday. 4800 Hollywood Blvd. 666-9462. ce/a

ART MART: Every Sunday, 10 am to 4 pm, Fine Paintings & Sculptures. Meet the artists. 660 No. La Cienega Blvd. Admission and parking free. For information call WE 5-2273. ce/a

I AM ALIVE: An environmental experience: Several groupings of photographic reproductions and objects, representing an awareness of the obvious in our environment. By Semour Rosen. From September 6 to October 5, at the L.A. County Museum of Art, Junior Art Workshop, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., 10 am to 5 pm, Tuesday thru Sunday. ce/a

PAINTINGS: Of Joan and Alan Oppenheimer, recent paintings. To September 20, at Pacifica Gallery, 615 No. Fairfax Avenue. ce/a

EXHIBIT: Hopi Indian Tapestries. Modern adaptations of legendary themes. Thru September. L.A. County Museum of Natural History, 900 Exposition Blvd., 10 am to 5 pm. ce/a

EXHIBIT: "Illustration West" by the Society of Illustrators of Los Angeles. At the California Museum of Science & Industry, 700 State Drive, Exposition Park. August 30 thru October 2. Daily 10 am to 5 pm. Free. ce/a

EXHIBITS: At the Long Beach Museum of Art — "Art On Paper," "UCLA Art Faculty, Oil Paintings," and "Ceramics: Design and Production." September 4 thru October 2. 2300 East Ocean Blvd., Long Beach. ce/a

THEATRE

PLAY: "Hostile Witness" starring Ray Milland begins a four week run at the Huntington Hartford Theatre, 1615 Vine Street, Hollywood. HO 2-6666. From September 13 to October 8. ce/t

PLAY: Two O'Casey One-Acts: "End of the Beginning" and "Bedtime Story." Produced by the Company of Angels. Opened August 18th at the Angels Theatre. Invitational. Call 463-5125 or 462-0476 for reservations. ce/t

PLAY: Different offering each week by the STUDIO WATTS WORKSHOP Drama Group Thurs., Fri., & Sat. thru Oct. 8:30 pm Call LO 6-9184 for reser. & info.

PLAY: "Rhinocerous," by Ionesco. Saturday & Sunday through October. 8:15 pm at Theatre Craft, 7445-1/4 Sunset Blvd. For info call 876-3575. ce/t

PLAY: "Blithe Spirit." Bryzin Repertoire Company presents Noel Coward's fantasy-comedy. Thru September 17, Friday & Saturday at 8:30 pm. $1.75. Bryzin Playhouse, 2419 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. 391-0537. ce/t

PLAY: "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window" by Loraine Hansberry. September 9 thru November 6. Tuesday thru Sunday at 8:30 pm and Saturday at 8 & 10:45 pm. $4.40 - $3.30 at the Players Ring Gallery Theatre, 8325 Santa Monica Blvd., OL 4-0456. ce/t

PLAY: "Poor Bitos," a drama by Jean Anouilh. Presented by the UCLA University Extension Theatre Group. September 7 thru October 9. Tuesday thru Saturday, 8:30 pm, Sunday at 7:30, dark Mondays. $4.25 - $2.75, Schoenberg Hall, UCLA Campus. Phone BR 2-8911 for ticket information. ce/t

PLAY: "Rattle of a Simple Man" starring Sabrina and Bernard Fox. Tuesday thru Friday, 8:30 pm, Saturday, 8:30 & 10:45 pm, Sunday at 5 & 8:30 pm. $4.50 - $2.50. Ivar Theatre, 1605 North Ivar, HO 4-7121. ce/t

FLICKS

MORE GARBO: "Anna Karenina," with Garbo, March, Bartholomew, and co-feature "Min & Bill" with Marie Dressler, W. Beery, at both the Los Feliz Theatre (1822 N. Vermont Avenue, NO 4-2169) and the Esquire Theatre (2670 E. Colorado Blvd., SY 3-6149) from September 14 to September 19 inclusive. Call for times.

SILENT MOVIES: This weekend Francis X. Bushman & Beverly Bayne in "Under Royal Patronage," Seena Owen in "Flame of the Yukon," memorial program Charlie Chaplin Comedy and "Tiger's Shadow" serial. The Silent Movie, 611 No. Fairfax Avenue, OL 3-2389. ce/t

THE UNICORN THEATRE: "Juliet of the Spirits" by Fellini, and the short films of James Whitney. September 7-13 at the Unicorn Theatre, 7456 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla, California. ce/t

OTHER EVENTS

REGISTRATION DRIVES: Are now being held at Democratic Headquarters, 121 So. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills every Saturday & Sunday at 10:30 a.m. (until the close of registration, September 15).

OPEN FORUM: Each Sunday, 4-7 pm. All topics permitted. MacArthur Park Bandstand, 6th and Parkview. To become a scheduled speaker write P.O Box 77145, Los Angeles 90007. ce/oe

The Market Place: 8 am until 6 pm. Big sale of stuff: arts & crafts, etc. 84th & Figueroa. All proceeds go toward encouraging small business in the southeast Los Angeles area. Saturday and Sunday, September 10-11. ce/oe